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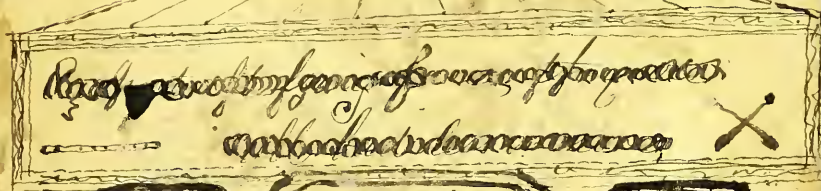
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Rationally to enjoy, is to obey ^{God}



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THE GLEN COLLECTION
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HAND-BOOK
OF THE
SONGS OF SCOTLAND,
WITH MUSIC,
AND DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

EDITED BY WILLIAM MITCHISON.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A Biographical Sketch of the Life of the late John Wilson,
THE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH VOCALIST.

LONDON AND GLASGOW:
RICHARD GRIFFIN AND COMPANY,



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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN WILSON,

THE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH VOCALIST.

JOHN WILSON was born on Christmas day, 1800, in that especial haunt of Scottish historical associations, the Canongate of Edinburgh. His early education was limited, for, at the age of ten, he was withdrawn from school and sent to work, being ultimately apprenticed as a printer to the firm of Walker & Greig. To Mr. Greig, who still survives, the vocalist, not very long since, presented a token of gratitude for kindness experienced in his boyhood. His apprenticeship having been completed on the attainment of his nineteenth year, Wilson was shortly afterwards married. In the business of a printer he seems to have attained great proficiency, as a proof of which, may be cited his engagement by Mr. Ballantyne, the printer of the *Waverley Novels*, as reader or corrector of the press.

In such a position, it was natural that the deficiencies of his education should press upon the future vocalist; and Wilson was not the man to regard these with indifference. His evenings were devoted to attendance, along with another reader in the printing office, Robert Hogg, a nephew of the *Ettrick Shepherd*, on classes for Latin and French.

His musical education seems to have been instigated by nature. He was passionately fond of singing; indeed, his attachment to it was quite a singularity of character: he never tired of it, and seemed to find intense delight in the constant exercise of his voice. This peculiarity he preserved to the latest period of his career;—we have heard him estimate his practice at a thousand notes a-day; and to this natural bent of inclina-

tion much of his eminent vocal power may undoubtedly be traced. It is recorded that Mr. John Mather, leader and teacher of a musical association called "The Edinburgh Institution," and Mr. Benjamin Gleadhill, of the Tron Church Band, of both of whom Wilson received the early vocal lessons on which his taste was formed, whilst afterwards delighted and astonished at the display of his abilities, owned that they could never have predicted his excellence, and that they certainly never had discerned his capabilities. Such, however, are the results of enthusiasm, practice, and perseverance. These three gave new qualities to the originally thin and husky voice of Wilson, although the conscious genius of song must all along have been tugging at his heart; for long before his better powers were developed, would he essay a public appearance in some obscure precentor's desk; and when the Rev. Mr. Thomson of Duddingstone, the celebrated landscape painter, a perfect devotee to music, established a little band in his rural church at Duddingstone Loch, it was the delight of John Wilson to accompany the precentor from Edinburgh on the Sunday mornings to this romantic spot, and assist in the singing, or occasionally to officiate in his absence. By these incessant vocal efforts Wilson's voice began to be developed; and the accomplished minister of Duddingstone was amongst the earliest to discover its latent qualities, and urge its careful cultivation. Such encouragement incited a diligent application to his musical education; and, at length, he felt justified in becoming a candidate for the precentorship of Roxburgh Place Relief Church, an appointment which he obtained. The salary was seventeen guineas per annum. It was here that his beautiful tenor voice and admirable musical taste becoming the subjects of town talk, attracted crowded audiences to the church in which he officiated. The congregation, in admiration of their precentor, bestowed upon him a piece of plate. After the lapse of several years, in 1826, his celebrity induced the Town Council of Edinburgh to select him out of a number of candidates, one of whom was Mr. Templeton, his rival in Scottish and operatic song, to fill the precentor's desk of the New Church of St. Mary's, where the Rev. Henry Grey was then in the height of his popu-

larity. This was a decided step in advance for Wilson, whose modest and amiable demeanour not only procured him access to the tables of many members of this the most fashionable congregation in Edinburgh, where he readily made himself welcome by the beautiful style in which he executed the melodies of Scotland, but even led to his employment in the vocal tuition of their children. Having quitted the employment of Mr. Ballantyne, chiefly on the strength of his employment as a teacher of singing, he now strove to perfect his attainments under the able instruction of Mr. Finlay Dun, to whom Mr. Wilson often warmly and gratefully acknowledged his professional obligations.

Vocal tuition, with an occasional appearance at private concerts, occupied the time and attention of Mr. Wilson in Edinburgh, up till June, 1827, when he repaired to London, and placed himself under the instruction of Signor Lanza, an eminent Italian professor of vocal music. Though enjoying the benefit of the Signor's lessons for the space of no more than three months, such was Wilson's assiduity and anxiety for improvement, that, in returning to Edinburgh, he bore with him one of the most remarkable testimonies to his progress ever bestowed by a master on a pupil. He was presented by the Signor with a letter, in which the latter stated that it had been his intention to pay a professional visit to Edinburgh, but that he had abandoned the design in consequence of the return to his native town of a pupil whom he regarded as equally well qualified to teach as himself. It would not be easy to figure the envy, the jealousy, and even rancour, which this generous tribute of the Italian *Maestro* excited amongst the musical profession in Edinburgh, on Wilson's return; and, ignorant of his previous attainments, they, in many instances, did not scruple to question the possibility of a young man having, in three months' time, become qualified, not only to teach Italian music, but to speak the language. Mr. Wilson, as already stated, had, however, laid a previous foundation for these accomplishments; and the opposition he now encountered tended only to increase his success as a teacher. The natural ease of his manner, and the facility with which he addressed himself to the comprehension of his pupils, rendered

his instruction highly appreciated—especially for the mode of bringing out the *voce di petto*, or “chest voice,” imparted to him by Signor Lanza.

He still retained the precentorship of St. Mary’s church, was enabled to revisit London in 1828, and to dedicate another three months to the lessons of Aspull, the celebrated teacher of harmony, counterpoint, and thorough bass, practising daily from seven o’clock in the morning till ten at night, in a room where three other pupils were singing different tunes, until he became perfectly matured in the theory and practice of music. After another winter’s teaching in Edinburgh, he once more renewed his visits, however, to London, remaining till February, 1830, under the renowned Crevelli, the last and most distinguished of his teachers—to whose instruction he must have clung with devoted attachment, for his assiduity continued unabated till his funds were fairly exhausted, and the means of defraying his passage to Edinburgh scarcely remained. Wilson used to relate with satisfaction that, when at this time on his way to a friend for the loan of a one pound note, he accidentally encountered in the street a pupil, whose fees for the previous winter being unpaid, accused himself of neglect, and supplied him with three guineas, after which Mr. Wilson never knew poverty again.

Wilson now turned his attention towards the stage: he had taken lessons in elocution both in London and Edinburgh; and the dissuasions of his former employer, Mr. Ballantyne, his pious old mother, and his pastor, Mr. Grey, were unavailing; he resigned his precentorship in favour of a friend, (Mr. Duncan Currie,) and in March, 1830, made his first appearance on the Edinburgh boards as Harry Bertram, in the opera of “Guy Mannering,”—Sir Walter Scott sitting in the boxes on the first night of his appearance, and repeatedly according his applause. The following night he sang in the opera of “Rosina.” But it was a masterly impersonation of the character of Masaniello, during the same week, that stamped him for distinction as an actor, as well as singer,—and even Mr. Ballantyne, his former employer, the most redoubtable dramatic critic of his day, conquered by the matchless purity and intensity of feeling with which Wilson poured forth “My sister

dear," acknowledged himself to have erred in undervaluing his powers. He continued to perform for three weeks in Edinburgh, obtaining lavish encomiums from the public press. He afterwards appeared in Perth. And so early as 30th October, made a successful *debut* as Don Carlos, in the "Duenna," under an engagement at Covent Garden. Mr. Wilson had now attained the highest rank in English opera, for he occupied the position of principal tenor, alternately at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, till summer 1837, during which period he induced Mr. Macready to bring out the late lamented Rooke's opera of "Amilie," which experienced a run of almost unparalleled success at Covent Garden.

In the winter of 1837-8, Mr. Wilson was engaged at the English Opera House, playing for one hundred nights in succession the part of Donald, in John Barnet's opera of "The Mountain Sylph." At this house he turned to some account his knowledge of Italian, by translating and adapting for the English stage the opera of "La Sonnambula," to the complete satisfaction of the manager, Mr. Arnold, who made him a handsome present.

It was now the custom of Mr. Wilson, during the London recess, to appear as a star in the provincial theatres. His reception in Edinburgh and Glasgow was always marked by the most enthusiastic and rapturous applause.

The London Mechanics' Institution (Dr. Birkbeck's) solicited from him, in the spring of 1838, three lectures on Scottish music, the success of which imparted a new impulse, and indeed, gave a new direction to his career. His perfect acquaintance with the subject, the novelty and surprise of his felicitous illustrations—more especially his exquisite singing of the words and melodies of Scottish song, so as to preserve entire their genuine humour and pathos—completely carried away the large audiences which these lectures attracted. Many other institutions besought a repetition of his lectures. He had, however, made up his mind to visit America; previous to his departure for which, he paid a farewell visit to Edinburgh, playing Dandie Dinmont in "Guy Mannering," and James the Fifth in "Cramond Brig," to a crowded house, who awarded a cordial reception.

Along with Miss Shireff the vocalist, he made a highly successful tour in

two years through the United States, and returning in the winter of 1840-1, entered, with Philips, Balfe, and Miss Romer, into an unsuccessful speculation by opening the English Opera House, the large London theatres being shut. He now, however, resumed his Lectures on Scottish Music, delivering them before the Westminster and other Institutions, and accompanying himself on the piano-forte, until signalised by such success, that, at the instigation of many friends, he was induced to open, on his own account, the public concert room in Store-Street, in the winter of 1841-2, where, for eight years, he continued with unbounded success to delineate the native manners, sentiments, and historical associations of his country in her song. In the summer of 1842, on occasion of the first visit of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to Scotland, he was invited to Taymouth by the Marquis of Breadalbane, and had the honour to sing before Her Majesty, who, with excellent taste, paid him the very gracious compliment of commanding the (modern) Jacobite song of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie." The aristocracy, indeed, vied with each other in lavishing their attentions on our gifted countryman, inviting him to their morning parties, ostensibly for the gratification afforded by his songs and anecdotes, but treating him rather as an intelligent friend, than as a contributor to their amusement. The efforts and enthusiasm of Wilson, indeed, in the new walk of national song to which he had now devoted his talents, in the short space of eight years, rendered the simple melodies of Scotland illustrious throughout the world; and audiences, hanging on his accents, would weep and laugh by turns, unconscious of the incongruity of their conduct, moved by the natural magic of his tones. His feeling for all that related to his country, was keen and strong. He could pass by nothing that referred to Scotland and the past with indifference. As an instance of which may be related an incident which, amongst many similar traits of Wilson's nationality, fell under the cognisance of the writer of this notice. It was the case of an aged mendicant, published in the journals of the day, and pointed out as "the last of the Stuart race," (legitimate or illegitimate.) Amongst the subscribers to the relief of this singular old man, were the most distinguished personages in the

realm; but amongst the very first whose succour responded to the appeal that had been made on his behalf, was Mr. Wilson, who forwarded five pounds, with a characteristic request to have "the old relic of humanity," as he called him, "cherished." His charity and kindness were, in fact, proverbial; and his door was frequently beset with the less fortunate members of his profession, who seldom went empty away. In almost every charitable institution in London, and in many in Scotland, was his name enrolled. His taste for natural scenery was refined and ardent; and the contemplation of its beauties seemed to call forth all his poetic enthusiasm. John Wilson, however, was no mere dreamer, but a man of indomitable perseverance, untiring energy, and ceaseless industry. Difficulties never appalled him; and his constant aim after self-improvement, showed him never to have become intoxicated with applause. His literary attainments were very considerable. His prose, as a letter writer, we have frequently had cause to admire; and it is now said that his literary remains, consigned to the hands of Mr. Robert Chambers of Edinburgh, in preparation for the press, embrace sketches of America, which are likely to be accepted as amongst the most graphic, and yet the most candid and impartial accounts of the transatlantic world that have yet been offered to the public. Nor did the vocalist disdain "the fatal facility of verse." Snatches of song from his pen, it is stated, may also yet be laid before the world. He was, moreover, the composer and adapter of many beautiful melodies—such as the finest of those in his entertainment of "Mary Queen of Scots," and "Bonny Bessy Lee"—Hogg's "Skylark"—and "The Year Auchty-nine." With such qualifications, the attractive character of his series of entertainments—his "Nicht wi' Burns"—"Adventures of Prince Charlie"—"Mary Queen of Scots," &c.—is easily accounted for. The quiet and unobtrusive mode of narration, peculiarly his own, adopted in the recital of his connecting narratives, and the thickly studded anecdotes they embodied, rendered them as far removed from vulgarity as from dullness. But the thorough impersonations of character, the nice perception of the ridiculous, and thrilling force imparted to

the heroic or the pathetic, formed the charm of these *unique* and memorable illustrations. "We ne'er shall look upon their like again!"

Mr. Wilson's second visit to America, in 1849, was attended with a fatal termination. Accompanied by his two daughters, he had appeared with gratifying success in all the chief cities of the Union, and had been feted in New Orleans as one of the most welcome guests that ever entered the Southern States; he had visited the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky, and published an account of his visit; and, in the beginning of July, gave three concerts—his last in Quebec, crowned with the utmost success. But, attracted by the beauties of the Canadian lakes, he proceeded down lake St. Charles, about twelve miles distant from Quebec, to fish, and, notwithstanding premonitory symptoms of illness, went upon the lake. The continuance of his illness obliged him to leave the water, and to hasten back to Quebec, which he reached at ten o'clock on Sunday morning. Medical aid proved in vain, and in eighteen hours afterwards, he expired of cholera at the St. George Hotel. Thus died the gifted vocalist, in the midst of triumphs which seem to have embalmed his memory as with a spell, even amongst the strangers in whose land he breathed his last; for within these few weeks, we have seen the correspondence originated by Sir James Alexander and other friends and admirers, for raising by subscription a monument to his memory in Canada; and the high sense and approbation of his virtues, his abilities, and the sound moral tendency of his public efforts, which these writers attest, would do honour to any man who might deserve them; and Wilson did so in an eminent degree.

REMARKS

ON THE

ANCIENT MUSIC AND SONG OF SCOTLAND.

To seek, with the view of finding, any positive era for the origin of Scottish Song, would be a hallucination as vivid as that which possessed the renowned Knight of La Mancha, in believing himself to be the mirror of chivalry, or like the delusion of the sportive child, who sends the frothy bubble floating in the air, and supposes the fairy scenes and brilliant views depicted on its ball of nothingness are real and substantial.

The skill of the antiquary, the labour of the enthusiast, and the utmost examination and inquiry which these talents combined have exerted, pronounce Song, from the earliest ages, natural to Scotland—but leave the question of whether the strains of these days are now extant, or contained only the germs from which our innumerable songs have sprung, nearly as undecided and uncertain as before.

True it is, we can discover marks of the force and feeling of the muse of earlier days in many of our modern lyrics, but, alas! her foot-prints are almost wholly defaced, and we but catch her voice in dying murmurs, like the last faint sounds of distant melody.

It is unkind to dispel agreeable delusions where no harm can be experienced from their being cherished,—and those of family pride, or national vanity, connected with song, are such as we most fondly embrace. There is a delight inexpressible in the feeling that we sing the same wild strains that roused our martial forefathers, or breathe the gentle airs that soothed their ladye-loves—that we enjoy the same humour which cheered our rustic ancestors, and the same pictures that delighted their fair maidens and buxom matrons. Admitting that they are so, which we believe to be the fact, we will yet be thrown into considerable perplexity to establish two important points, viz. The name or names of the author or authors, and the precise era in which he or they flourished. These have been bequeathed to us, and we now bequeath them in turn, as good marrowbones, for the antiquary to try the soundness of his teeth, and the good-natured patience of his temper on withal.

Prior to the Reformation we cannot carry our inquiries far; and even after that event, the dubious light which history affords is not of itself sufficient, without conjecture, to eke out the vague and scanty materials on which our narrative must of necessity be raised. In the absence of positive proof, we must therefore be contented with that species of evidence which the nature of circumstances, and the partial and indistinct glimmerings of legitimate history supply, however unsatisfactory, hypothetical, or fruitful. It may chance to be in controversy.

What the very ancient music of Scotland was, has now become altogether a matter of

faith, and the land of conjecture is so extensive and so unappropriated, that every new cultivator has a right to break up fresh ground, or seize upon any fallow without the sanction or grant of any one who may arrogate to himself the superiority of the whole, or of any neglected portion.

The opinions of men seldom agree, even on the most obvious and modern matters, how much more so must they be at variance on such as have left little or any trace to mark their excellence or worthlessness. It is therefore impossible to decide the much contested question as to the superiority or inferiority of the ancient over modern music. Indeed, it is so entirely lost, as to become a matter as unprofitable as a dead language, in which there are no extant works, and yet the study has given rise to much pedantry, and bitterness, and discussion.

From the colonization of Scotland to the invasion of the Romans, it is likely one species of music prevailed, and Dr. Macculloch's idea, that the Scottish music partook of the Eastern character, may be so far correct; but that after the settlement of the Romans, it retained any important traces of Eastern music, I am inclined to doubt. If it did, it must have been faint indeed, considering the length of time which the Romans were in Scotland, and the close intimacy which subsisted between them and the Scotch.

In order to discover any connection which might exist between the music of the Scotch and Eastern nations, it will be necessary to examine the music of the Cambro-Britons—also descendants of the Celtic tribes, and with the greatest probability of success, seeing that they have intermixed less with the Saxons or other nations than other descendants from the same stock, from having been driven to their hills and fastnesses by the Saxons usurping that land which they had come to assist them in defending against the inroads of the Scots and Picts.

Nothing of the kind however occurs; and if it ever existed, it has been extirpated by their intercourse with the Saxons *before* the occurrence of this event, by the licence of travelling through other tribes, both at peace and at war, enjoyed by the harpers, and from the massacre of the Welsh bards by order of Edward the First. On his conquest of Wales, he found that they exercised, through their music, the power of inflaming the minds and passions of the subdued and still irritated nation to oppositions to his government, and rebellions innumerable, and he endeavoured, by one fell swoop, to crush the rising evil, by a complete destruction of the bardic race. Such wholesale dealings in slaughter gave a check to their music, and produced a gap in the histories of Scotch and Welsh music which cannot now be supplied. On glancing further at the history of Scotland, it will be seen that we are not to look to the Picts, or their allies the Scoto-Irish, who settled in Argyle, for any information on the subject. In short, if any Eastern connection does exist, it must be in the gatherings or war tunes of the different clans.

The characters of the National Airs of the Scotch, and Cambro-British, and Saxon, are essentially different each from the other. The two first, from having been produced by the same ideas—pastoral happiness and sublime mountain scenery—have a greater likeness, but differ widely from the last. The Saxon music, on the one hand, is marked by a good-humoured simplicity, which gives it the stamp of sincerity, and causes it to find its way to the heart and its affections; while the music of the Celts, like their character, is sensitive, impetuous, arduous, and at times imbued with a wild, melancholy, and deep pathos, which never fail to affect the hearer with feelings of sadness and sorrow.

From the bards may be dated those airs which have come down to us associated with romances or historical ballads; from the shepherds and pipers the pastoral; and from the minstrels, the successors of the bards, the lively and spirited.

In the composition of those airs the genius of the Scotch has conspicuously appeared, as well as in the more useful branches of literature; and, as long as pure taste and genuine feeling remain, the old Scotch airs must be admired. The melodies, particularly those of a melancholy cast, are so very chaste, and express the passions so strongly, that their

various strains seem to breathe the language of hope, despondency, and supplication. Surely no one will pretend to a taste for music whose whole frame does not vibrate to a Scottish song, when delivered with that tender feeling which the composer himself experienced in the moments of enthusiasm, when he first carolled forth his wood-notes wild. The older tunes generally consisted of but one measure. Some have a second part, but it is *only* a repetition of the first on the higher octave, and even these may be of later date than when they emanated from the composer.

Among the moderns, our Kings James I. and James IV. were celebrated composers. In fact, from James I. to James VI. may be accounted the golden era of Scottish music.

King James I. of Scotland is celebrated by all Scottish historians, not only as an excellent performer, but a great composer both of words and airs. Fordun occupies a whole chapter in an account of his knowledge of Greek and music; and Alessandro Tassoni, in his "*Parisien Diversi*," says, "*Noi ancora possiamo connumerar, tra nostri, Jacopo Re di Scozia che non pur cose sacre campose in canto, ma trova da se stesso, una nuova musica, lumentero/e e mesta, differenta da tutte l'altra.*" Nel che poi e stato imitato da Carlo Gesualdo, Principe de Venosa che in questa, nostra eta ha illustrata anch egli la musica con nuove mirabili inventioni." "We may reckon, among us moderns, James King of Scotland, who not only composed many read pieces of vocal music, but also of himself invented a new kind of music, plaintive and melancholy, different from all other, in which he has been imitated by Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, who in our age has improved music with new and admirable inventions.

Some of the Dilletanti in the Italian music of the present times may sneer at being told that the Italians owe the improvement of their music to the early introduction into it of Scottish melody. Yet, nothing is more certain, not only from the candid acknowledgment of Tassoni, but from the testimony of the Italian music itself, before the Prince of Venosa's time. The celebrated Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, formerly Venusium, famous as the birth place of Horace, flourished about the middle or towards the end of the Sixteenth century, during the era of the revival of letters in Italy, in the Pontificate of Leo X.

Of James IV. and V. we have direct testimony to prove, that they were not far behind in their devotion to the gentle art. Although, not so celebrated as the first of their name, still they encouraged and possessed a taste for music, and some tolerable proficiency as performers.

Between the times of James V. and Queen Mary, and thence downwards to the reformation, many beautiful airs may be dated. From the reformation may be accounted the declining age of Scottish melody, not that it is to be asserted that the genius of music has taken flight from our shores. Our times teem with musical composition, perhaps equal in merit with any of the compositions of other lands; but, although they possess rapidity of thought and intricacy of arrangement, they want the touching sweetness of those of the olden time.

In a list of Songs, popular in Scotland when the "*Complaynt*" was composed, we find few which are still extant, and it is impossible to determine whether the songs were originally chaunted to the modern airs. Musical airs generally receive their denominations from the songs which are adapted to them, and as various songs are often adapted to the same tune, the air receives its name from the most popular: hence, the various names which the same tune has in different districts, and the frequent changes of the name of the same tune.

Many of the Songs of Burns are adapted to airs which are known to have existed long before that admirable poet was born, though they do not appear in any collection of music. Yet, it may be presumed, that in a few years—nay, even now, the airs may be known by the names of the songs which he has adapted to them. But simple melodies are less injured by tradition, than the songs to which they belong. Music is an universal

language, which speaks in the same intelligible tone to all ages and denominations of men. The peasant feels that its voice is addressed to the various emotions of his heart. It soothes the weariness of his soul—it alleviates the fatigue of labour, and amuses the tiresomeness of solitude. He learns to love the airs with which he has been delighted in his infancy, and the pleasurable associations with which they are connected, increase with the number of his years. The peasant may change a tune from the inaptitude of his ear, but he is no musical composer to alter or mangle the airs with which he is acquainted. He has not learned his favourite airs from a music master, or in a scientific manner; but he has acquired them in his childhood in the bosom of his family, and in their tones he listens to the voice of his mother, his sister, or his youthful love.

The airs of most Scottish tunes which are still chaunted in the pastoral districts of Scotland, are much more simple than the sets which are found in collections, and which have passed through the hands of the composer. This seems to me to be a strong argument for the antiquity. Historical songs, from the nature of their subjects, are less liable to be affected by tradition than those of any other class. Of this kind, five songs are mentioned in the "Complaynt;" of those are preserved—"The Battle of Harlaw;"—"The Battle of Cheviot;"—and "The Pearey and Montgomery." The latter probably a Scottish copy of the Battle of Otterbourne, not exactly the same with any edition extant.

In a MS. collection of airs, adapted to the Lyra Viol, written soon after the Revolution, I find the following airs:—"O'er the Muir to Maggie;"—"Robin and Janet;"—"My Dearie, gin thou die;"—"Money in both Pockets;"—"The Ladie's gowne;"—"Bonnie Nanie;"—"Maggie, I must loe thee;"—"Where Helen lays;"—"Strick upon a Stroggin;"—"Happy man is he;"—"Woman's work will ne'er be done;"—"Jock, the Laird's Brither;"—"Bonnie Lassie;"—"Jenny, I told you;"—"The Gelliflower;"—"The Bony braw;"—"The New Kirk Gavel;"—"The Nightingale;"—"Jockie went to the Wood;"—"Sweet Willie;"—"Bonnie roaring Willie;"—"Tweed Side;"—"When she came ben she bobbit;"—"Fuel for my eyes;"—"When the bryd came ben she beckett;"—"The Colleyr's Daughters;"—"Foull tak the Wars;"—"The Milkeine pell;"—"The bonnie brookit Lassie."

These minute notices, had the history of Scottish song never become a subject of discussion, might have been deemed trivial or superfluous. But as it has not only been the subject of much speculation, but also of curious inquiry, perhaps they may contribute to the elucidation of a question which only admits of this kind of illustration, and where the minutest notices are often the most desirable.

As the ancient Scottish airs received their names from the songs to which they were appropriated, I have, in the discussion, constantly regarded the existence of song or dance as proof of the existence of the air. The MS. collection which I have quoted is not, indeed, of great antiquity; but as it approaches the era of the Revolution, it enables us to advance a step beyond Ramsay; and, as it shows that these songs were popular at the time of the Revolution, it renders it probable that their origin is of a much older date. Indeed, the era of the Revolution seems to be that of the decline of Scottish music. Until that time a few of the bards or minstrels existed in almost every quarter of the Scottish lowlands; but after that era scarcely any vestige of them can be traced. They were neither branded on the cheek with a red hot iron, according to an ancient law, nor yoked into the plough instead of the ox, according to a law of Macbeth's, but they sunk under the silent and slow pressure of neglect and contempt.

It is a common tradition, that before the Reformation, in ridicule of the Cathedral service, many of their most beautiful hymns were parodied, and sung as profane ballads. Of these the well-known airs, "John Anderson, my Jo," "Kind Robin loes me," and "John, come kiss me now," are cited as examples.

On the establishment of the Reformed religion, one of the first works in which the clergy engaged was the translation of the Psalms of David into metre, and their adaptation

to suitable music, much of which was composed by the divines themselves, and proves them to have been able masters.

To enlarge the collection of religious songs, many musical translations and hymns were made, which were again set to those tunes of which the cathedral had been robbed, and this at the suggestion of some who had no objections to the music, however much they might object to the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church.

Among the literary and musical curiosities of those days may be mentioned, as the greatest, the celebrated collection of godly songs by Wedderburne—an attempt to enlighten the people through means of their popular airs, and thus assist the great work of the progress of the Reformation. The earliest edition now extant was printed by Robert Smith, in Edinburgh, Netherbow, 1599. It was originally printed in Edinburgh, by Andrew Hart, 1590, in black letter, under the title of “Ane Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, collected out of sundrie parts of Scripture, with sundrie of other Ballants, changed out of Profane Songs, for avoiding of Sin and Harlotrie.” They were, however, in existence before this time, as they are mentioned in a MS. history of the church, date 1560, as existing some time before, and probably are alluded to in a canon of the Provincial Council, 1549, denouncing punishment on all who possessed “*alequos libros rythmorum seu cantilenarum vulgarum, scandalosa ecclesasticorum, aut quacunq; heresum in se continentia.*” Of the author nothing is known, unless he be the same Wedderburn named in the Harleian MS., as the author of the “Complaynt of Scotland.” These Psalms and Paraphrases contain allusions, and a variety of satirical invectives against the abuses and corruptions of the established church, artfully enough devised for the instruction of the vulgar, who, although they could not read, could sing, and would naturally enough retail one to another, more especially when connected with favourite airs. It was ostensibly introduced for the purpose of putting away immoral songs.—“For the use of young persons, and such as are nocht exercisit in the Scripture, quha will sooner conceive the true word, nor quhen they hear it sung in Latin, the quilk they know nocht what is. But when they hear it, or sayes it themselves in their vulgar tongue, with sweet melodie, then shall they love their God, and put away bawdie and unclean songs.” As a matter of curiosity, the following specimens will give some idea of the work:—

“Up! in the morning early,”—

“The wind blawis cauld, furious, and bauld,
This long and mony a day;
But Christ’s mereie we maun all dree,
And keep the cauld wind away.”

“Widow, are ye wauking,” was also suited with a new dress:—

“Qwho is at my window, qwho, qwho?
Goe, from my window, goe, goe;
Qwho calls their so like ane strangere?
Goe, from my window, goe, goe.”

And “The huntis up” was also re-modelled:—

“The huntis up, the huntis up,
It is now perfect day;
Jesus, our king, is gone a-hunting;
Wha likes to speed they may.”

“Thi! our gudeman,”—

“For our Gudeman in heaven does reigñ,
In glorie and bliss without ending;
Qwhere angelis sings ever Osan,
In laude and praise of our Gudeman.”

“I’ll never leave thee.”

“ Ah! my love, leif me not,
Leif me not, leif me not,
Ah! my love, leif me not,
Thus mine alone.”

And so on to verse 3

“ With sinnes am I laden sore,
Leif me not, leif me not;
With sinnes I am laden sore,
Leif me not alone.”

To “Tuttie Taittie,” was sung:—

“ Hey now the day dallies,
Now Christ on us calles,
And welth on our wallis
Appeares anon;
Now the Word of God rings,
Qwhilk is King of all kings,
Now Christ’s flock sings,
The night is near gone.”

We might well add, in the words of Pope—

“ To laugh were want of godliness and grace,
And to be grave exceeds all powers of face.”

After the Reformation, some highly beautiful airs were composed,—airs which partake of all the impassioned feeling of the older Scotch melodies, and will, like them, withstand the devouring tooth of Time. For instance, how naturally does the air correspond with the description of the love-sick Mary,—

“ Aye waukin, oh! waukin aye, and wearie,
Sleep I canna get for thinking o’ my dearie.”

Who cannot participate in the sorrows of the Border Widow? What a melancholy picture of despair and anxiety to be rid of the cares that coil “around this mortal frame,” is expressed in “I wish I were where Helen lies?” How much broad humour lies in “Brose and Butter?” Who can resist enjoying, with all the zest of an approved spirit, the pictures of happiness and innocent delight, in “The Broom o’ the Cowden Knowes,” and others of the same stamp? It were endless to run through a list of Scottish airs in which particular passions are so forcibly depicted. Among so many that are enchanting, the only difficulty is to choose.

As the airs of Scotland are devoid of all art, and solely the flights of genius, they bid defiance to every thing in the shape of modern grace and improvement. In their native purity, they delight and charm: it is to this power alone that we owe their preservation. They continue still to possess the same effects, and will continue to charm and delight the heart of every person whose taste is not vitiated by novelty or fashion,—“as long as in Scotland the heather shall bloom.”

ANNIE LAURIE.

dolce.

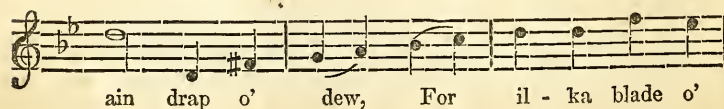
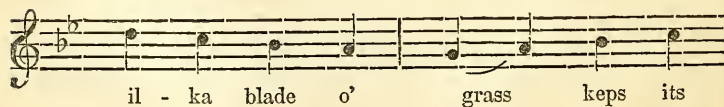
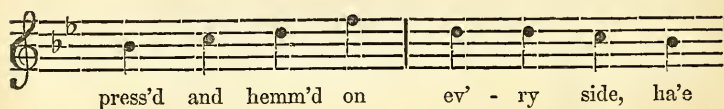
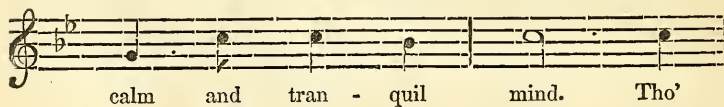
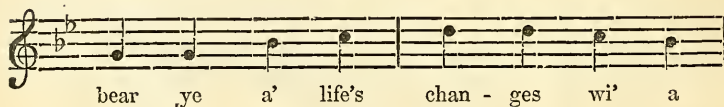
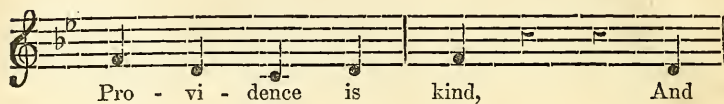
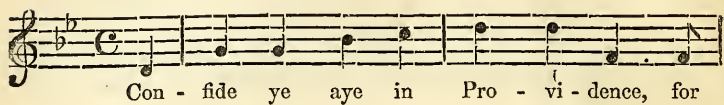
Max - well-ton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the
dew, And it's there that An - nie Lau - rie Gie'd
me her pro - promise true; Gie'd me her pro - promise
crescendo. true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
p with expression. bon - nie An - nie Laurie, I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she is a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

This deservedly popular song, although very old, was little known until the last ten years, when it appeared in the 4th vol. of Dun and Thomson's Collection. The following note of the song and its author is taken from CHAMBERS' SCOTTISH SONGS, Edin. 1829:—"These two verses, which are in a style wonderfully tender and chaste for their age, were written by a Mr. Douglas, of Fingland, upon Anne, one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwellton, by his second wife, who was a daughter of Riddell of Minto. As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is probable that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is painful to record, that notwithstanding the ardent and chivalrous affection displayed by Mr. Douglas in his poem, he did not obtain the heroine for a wife. She was married to Mr. Ferguson of Craigdarroch."—See a *Ballad Book*, p. 107.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.





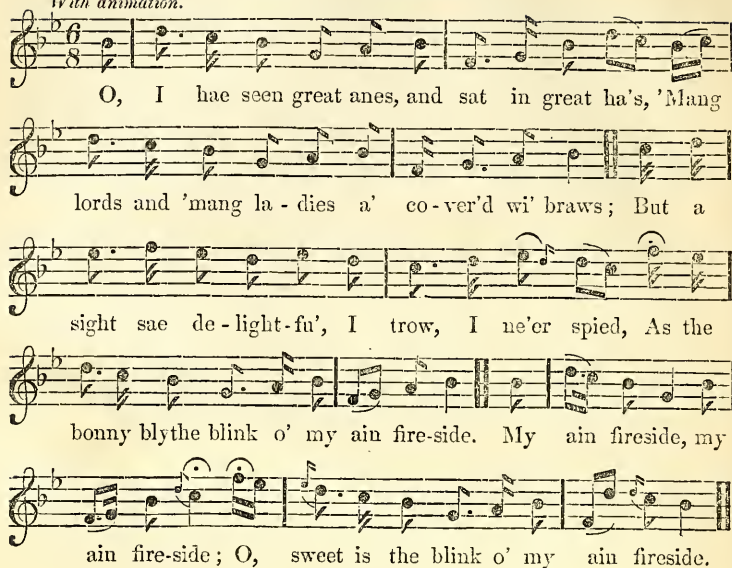
Gin reft frae friends, or crost in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've been,
 Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een;
 Believe it for the best, an' trow there's gude in store for you,
 For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang lang days o' Simmer, when the clear an' cludless sky
 Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd an' dry,
 The genial night wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew
 An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

So lest 'mid Fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud an' hie,
 An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's ee;
 Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or how,
 But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

This beautiful and expressive song is written by Mr. James Ballantine, of Edinburgh, author of the "Gaberlunzie's Wallet," and other works. He says, in a note to the Editor, "This song was suggested by the following incident:—A poor lone widow, who was about to open a shop for the sale of small wares in a little village, was met by a neighbour, who in a discouraging manner remarked, that 'there were already owre many shops in the elachan;' instead of being disheartened by this remark, the widow replied in cheerful tones, 'Aye! but Providence is kind! ilka blade o' grass carries its ain drap o' dew.'" The music is an adaptation by the late John Wilson, who frequently sung it with exquisite feeling in his musical entertainments. It is published in this work by the kind permission of the Author.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

With animation.


O, I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's, 'Mang
 lords and 'mang la - dies a' co-ver'd wi' braws; But a
 sight sae de-light-fu', I trow, I ne'er spied, As the
 bonny blythe blink o' my ain fire-side. My ain fireside, my
 ain fire-side; O, sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be prais'd, round my ain heartsome ingle,
 Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
 Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
 I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
 Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
 But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
 Of a' roads to happiness ever we tried,
 There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.

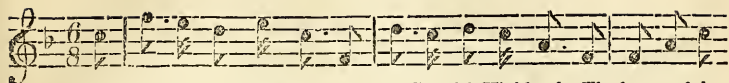
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O, there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

When I draw in my stool on my cosey hearthstane,
 My heart louns sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
 Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
 Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
 I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
 And mark soft affection glint soft frae ilk e'e;
 Nae pluckings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,
 'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.

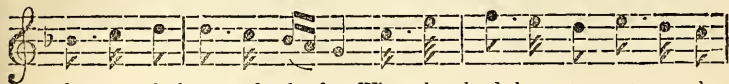
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
 O, there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

The author of this domestic song was William Hamilton, the friend and correspondent of the celebrated Allan Ramsay, author of "The Gentle Shepherd," &c.

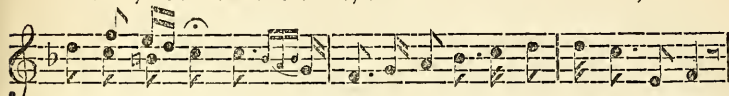
HURRA FOR THE HIGHLANDS.



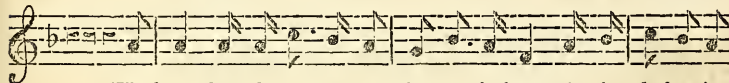
Hur - ra ! for the Highlands ! the stern Scottish Highlands ; The home of the



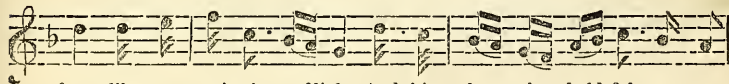
clansman, the brave and the free ; Where the clouds love to rest, on the



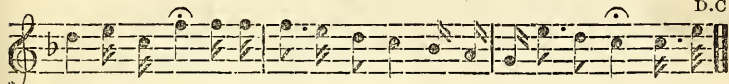
mountain's rough breast, Ere they journey a - far o'er the island - less sea.



'Tis there where the ca - ta - ract sings to the breeze, As it dashes in



foam like a spi - rit of light, And 'tis there the bold fish - er - man



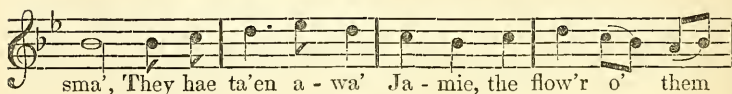
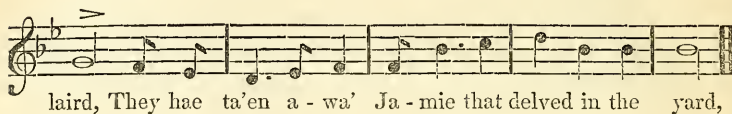
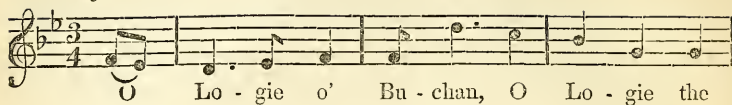
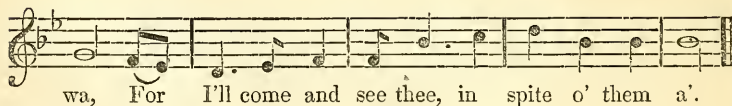
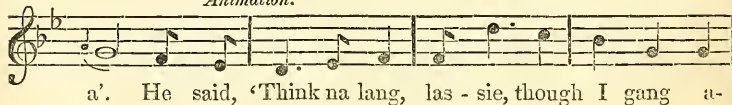
bounds o'er the seas, In his fleet ti - ny bark, thro' the per - ilous night. Then hurra

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine, and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high ;
For there it has might that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky.
Then hurra ! for the Highlands, &c.

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms ;
I have wander'd through Erin, the gem of the sea ;
But the Highlands alone, the true Scottish heart warms ;
Her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.
Then hurra ! for the Highlands, &c.

There is perhaps no modern Scotch song that sustains a higher reputation than the above ; the fine, bold, descriptive style in which it is written gives it a power and energy equal to the most favoured of "Scotia's Bard." Its popularity has secured translation into the French and German language—and is said, especially in Germany, to be extensively known. The words are by Mr. Andrew Park, author of many popular poetical and lyrical works. The music, which possesses a high degree of excellence, is composed by Mr. S. Barr, and is inserted in this work by permission.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

Slowly.*Animation.*

O, Sandy has owsen, has gear, and has kye,
 A house and a hadden, an' siller forbye;
 But I wad hae Jamie wi's staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae Sandy wi's houses and land
 He said, &c

My daddy looks sulky, my minnie looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor ;
 But daddy and minnie although that they be,
 There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.

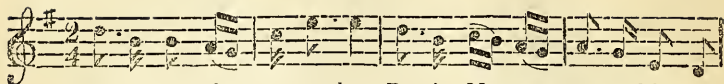
He said, &c.

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
 And think on the laddie that loo'ed me sae weel ;
 He had but ae sixpence, he brake it in twa,
 And gied me the hauf o't when he gaed awa'.

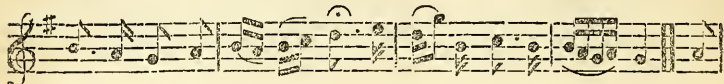
Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
 Then haste ye back, Jamie, and bide na awa',
 For simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
 And ve'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.

This inimitable song belongs to the "North countrie:" the author was George Hacket, schoolmaster, for some time, at Rathen, and author of "Whirry Whigs awa', man," with several other esteemed Jacobite songs. He was a Jacobite out and out ; so much so, that, when the Duke of Cumberland was in the North, he offered a reward of one hundred guineas for his head, either dead or alive ;—so much offence had the effusions of his muse given to the then reigning powers. The hero of the piece was a James Robertson, gardener at Logie, parish of Crimond, Aberdeenshire.

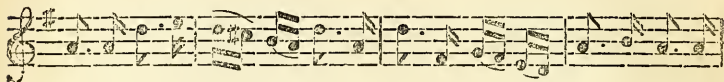
MEET ME ON THE GOWAN LEA.



Meet me on the gow-an lea, Bonnie Ma-ry, sweetest Ma-ry,



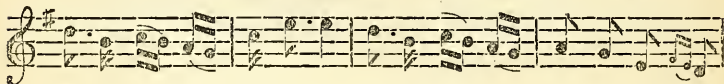
Meet me on the gow-an lea, My ain my art-less Ma-ry. Be-



fore the sun sink in the west, And na-ture a' hae gane to rest, There



to my fond, my faith-fu' breast, O let me clasp my Ma-ry.



Meet me on the gow-an lea, Bonnie Ma-ry, sweetest Ma-ry,



Meet me on the gow-an lea, My ain my art-less Ma-ry.

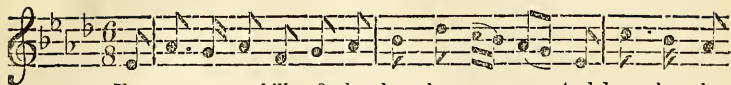
The gladsome lark o'er moor and fell,
The lintie in the bosky dell,
Nae blyther than your bonnie sel',
My ain, my artless Mary.
Meet me, &c.

We'll join our love notes to the breeze
That sighs in whispers through the trees,
And a' that twa fond hearts can please,
Will be our sang, dear Mary.
Meet me, &c.

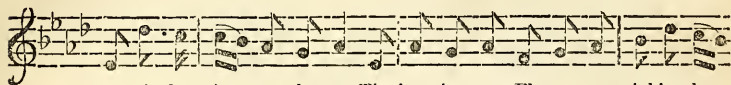
There ye shall sing the sun to rest,
While to my faithfu' bosom prest,
Then wha sae happy, wha sae blest,
As me and my dear Mary?
Meet me, &c.

The words of this ballad is by Mr. William Cameron, of Glasgow, author of several favourite songs, "Jessie o' the dell," "Far may I roam." &c. &c., and from its sweetness and simplicity is worthy of a place among the Gems of Scottish Song. The music is by Mr. M. Wilson, composer of the first-named song, and is very generally admired. It is inserted in this work by Mr. Cameron's permission.

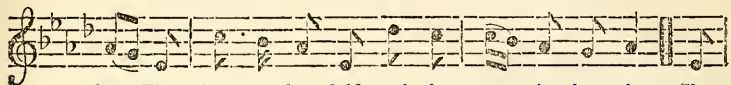
FLORA MACDONALD'S LAMENT.



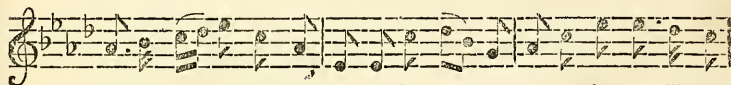
Far o-ver you hills of the hea-ther sae green, And down by the



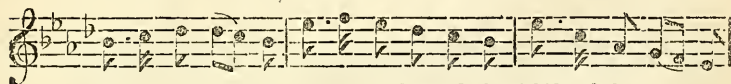
cor-rie that sings to the sea, The bonnie young Flo-ra sat sighing her



lane, The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her e'e. She



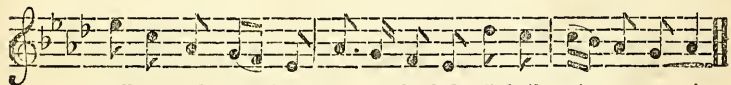
look'd at a boat, with the breezes that swung, A-way on the wave, like a



bird of the main, And aye as it lessen'd, she sigh'd and she sung, Fare-



weel to the lad I maun ne'er see a-gain, Fare-weel to my hero, the



gallant and young, Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see a-gain.

The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben Connal,

He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;

The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clanronald,

Unawed and unhunted, his eyrie can claim;

The solan can sleep on his shelfe of the shore,

The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;

But oh! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,

Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.

The conflict is past, and our name is no more:

There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

This favourite Jacobite Song was written by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. The melody is by Neil Gow, Junr.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Slow, with expression.

I've seen the smil-ing of for-tune be-guil-ing, I've
tast-ed her plea-sures and felt her de-cay;
p. Sweet was her bless-ing, and kind her ca-ress-ing, But
now they are fled, they are fled far a-way.
I've seen the fo-rest a-dorn-ed the fore-most, Wi'
flowers o' the fair-est, baith plea-sant and gay; Sae
bon-ny was their blooming, their scent the air per-fum-ing, But
p. now they are wi-ther'd and a' wede a-way.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest roaring before parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
Grow drumlie and dark as they roll'd on their way.
O fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting,
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?
Thy frown cannot fear me, thy smile cannot cheer me,
Since the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

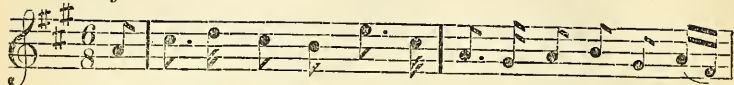
I've heard a lilting at our ewe-milking,
 Lassies loud lilting before the dawn of day ;
 But now they are moaning in ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
 At bughts in the morning nae blythe lads are scorning,
 The lassies are lonely, and dowie, and wae ;
 Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.
 In hair'st at the shearing nae youths now are jeering,
 Bansters are runkled, and lyart, and grey ;
 At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
 At e'en, in the gloaming, nae youngsters are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lassies at bogle to play ;
 But ilk maid sits eerie, lamenting her dearie—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
 Dool and wae for the order sent our lads to the border !
 The English for ance by guile wan the day ;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.
 We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking,
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
 Sighing and moaning in ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

This most beautiful and pathetic song requires neither praise nor comment ; its pathos is the pathos of nature, and every heart that feels will understand it. Commemorative of the battle of Flodden, fought 9th September 1513, where James the Fourth and the flower of his nobles fell, it is supposed to be written with reference to the depopulation of the border districts, and particularly of those about Ettrick Forest. At the period of Flodden, the forest extended over a considerable tract of land, and had therefore many warriors to lose on that fatal field. The fate of our gallant James seems yet dubious ; but he was lost to his country, whatever became of him. His body was never identified, and the conduct of some of the Scottish leaders during and after the battle was sufficiently mysterious. The origin of this luckless expedition was too great devotion to the wishes of the fair Queen of France, who, being at the time at war with England, and well aware of our monarch's chivalrous disposition, entreated him to "step but one step in England and strike but one stroke for her sake." The result was Flodden field. The air is as old as is the line with which it commences, "I've heard a lilting at our ewe-milking," and the often recurring line which presses on our hearts the desolation of the forest. Another still remembered fragment of the old song, which gave birth to both the present, contains a most affecting image, and shows that the old minstrel had penned his lamentations from a lady's lips—

————"I ride single on my saddle,
 While the Flowers o' the Forest are a' wede away."

The authoresses of the present songs, both so justly admired, are Miss Jane Elliot, sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto, ancestor of the Earl, (I have not heard that any other strain, either of mirth or sorrow, flowed from her pen), and Miss Rutherford, of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, and wife of Mr. Cockburn, of Ormiston. Both have succeeded so well as to surround their names with an unfading halo. The whole comes with a "cry" in our ears as from the survivors of Flodden ; and when it is sung, we owe little to our imagination, when we associate it with the desolation of the forest, and hear in its plaintive sounds the ancient wail of its maids and matrons.

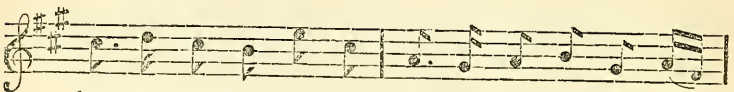
JESSIE THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

Smoothly.

The sun has gane down o'er the lof - ty Ben-Lomond, And



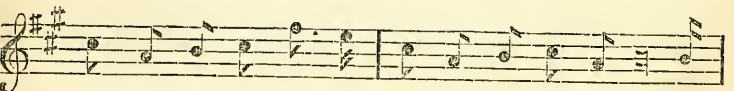
left the red clouds to pre - side o'er the scene; While



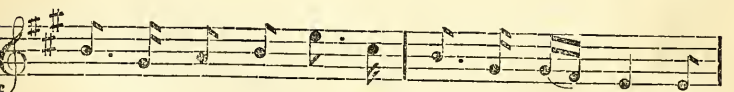
lane - ly I stray in a calm sim-mer gloam-in, To



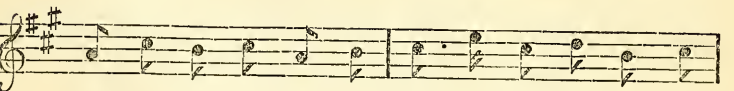
muse on sweet Jes - sie, the flower o' Damblane. How



sweet is the brier wi' its saft fauld-ing blos-som, And



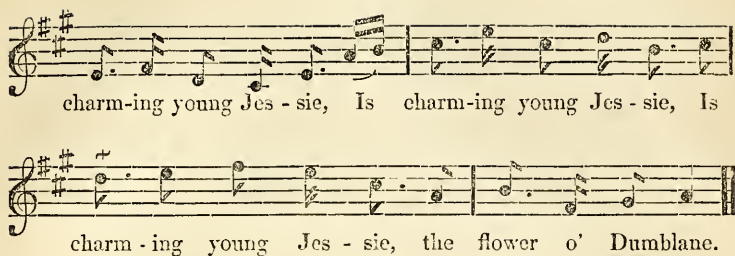
sweet is the birk wi' its man - tle o' green; But



sweet-er and fair - er, and dear to this bo-som, Is



charm-ing young Jes - sie, the flower o' Dum-blane, Is

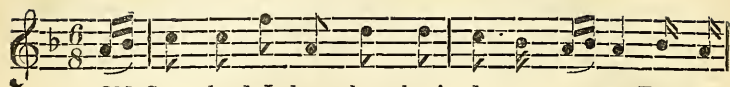


She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonny,
 For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
 And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
 Wha'd blight, in its blossom, the flower o' Dumblane.
 Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening,
 Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
 Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
 Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

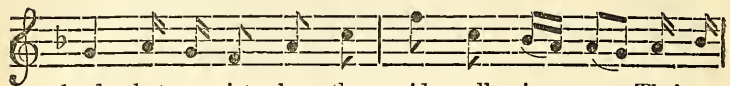
How lost were my days 'till I met wi' my Jessie,
 The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
 I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
 'Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
 Tho' mine were the station of loftiest grandeur,
 Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
 And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
 If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Of all Tannahill's songs, "Jessie" is perhaps the greatest favourite with the public. Many are the conjectures regarding the fair one; but I believe, like most of his other charmers, she was only one in idea, not one of flesh and blood. The music was composed by his friend, Mr. R. A. Smith, who has married excellent music to excellent words.

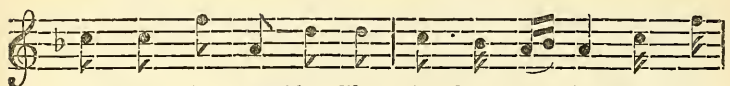
OLD SCOTLAND I LOVE THEE.



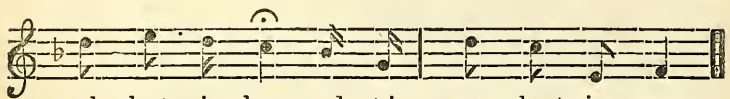
Old Scot - land I love thee, thou'rt dearer to me, Than all



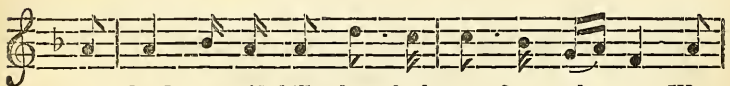
lands that are girt by the wide roll - ing sea; Tho' a-



sleep not in sun-shine, like is - lands a - far, Yet thou rt



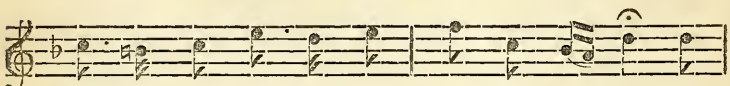
gal - lant in love, and tri - um - phant in war.



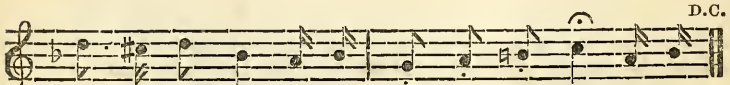
Thy cloud - cover'd hills that look up from the seas, Wave



stern - ly their wild woods a - loft in the breeze; Where

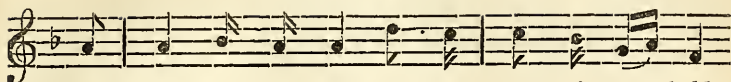


flies the bold ea - gle in free - dom on high, Thro'



re - gions of cloud in its wild na - tive sky! For old, &c.

2d v. O name not the land where the o - live tree grows



3d v. Then tell me of bards and of war - ri - ors bold,

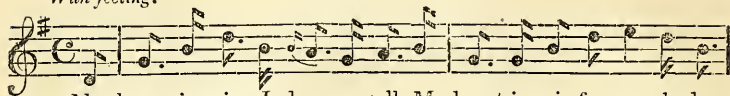
O name not the land where the olive-tree grows,
 Nor the land of the shamrock, nor land of the rose ;
 But show me the thistle, that waves its proud head,
 Over heroes whose blood for their country was shed !
 For old Scotland, I love thee ! thou'rt dearer to me
 Than all lands that are girt by the wide-rolling sea ;
 Tho' asleep not in sunshine, like islands afar,
 Yet thou'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war !
 For old Scotland, &c.

Then tell me of bards and of warriors bold,
 Who wielded their brands in the battles of old ;
 Who conquer'd and died for their lov'd native land,
 With its maidens so fair, and its mountains so grand !
 For old Scotland I love thee ! thou'rt dearer to me
 Than all lands that are girt by the wide-rolling sea ;
 Tho' asleep not in sunshine, like islands afar,
 Yet thou'rt gallant in love, and triumphant in war.
 For old Scotland, &c.

There is no country whose praise has so often been the theme of "immortal verse" than Scotland, and truly it may be said that the strains of its admirers has done it ample justice. The words of the above song are by Mr. Andrew Park, and are well entitled to the fame they have attained. The writer's enthusiasm must glow in the hearts of all true Scotchmen, and when heard in "distant lands" might produce effects similar to the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches* in the French army—that of a desire to return. It is due to the merits of Mr. Park's poetry that it always possesses the soul and substance of what he writes on ; in Canada and other Scotch settlements it is so relished that his works have an extensive demand. The music is composed by Mr. W. H. Lithgow, and is characteristic of the words—energetic and full of melody—the change of key in the second part being highly effective.

MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY.

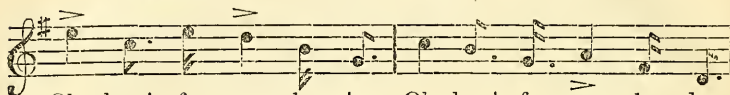
With feeling.



My heart is sair, I daur-na tell, My heart is sair for somebody :



I could wake a win - ter night, For the sake o' some-bo - dy.



Oh hon! for some - bo - dy. Oh hey! for some - bo - dy.



I could range the world a-round For the sake o' some-bo - dy.

How aft I've wander'd by the burn,
At gloamin hour wi' somebody,
And listen'd to the tale o' love,
Sae sweetly told by somebody.
Oh hon! for somebody!
Oh hey! for somebody!
Wing'd wi' joy the moments flew,
Sae blest was I wi' somebody.

But now the tear-drap dims my e'e,
Whene'er I think o' somebody;
For weel I lo'e the bonnie lad
That's far awa,—my somebody.
Oh hon! for somebody!
Oh hey! for somebody!
While I live I'll ne'er forget
The parting look o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
O, sweetly smile on somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my somebody.
Oh hon! for somebody!
Oh hey! for somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' somebody.

In Mr. R. A. Smith's "Selection for the use of his Pupils," where this popular song first appeared, it is mentioned "that the first and fourth stanzas of this song are from the pen of Burns; the others were never before printed." Whether these additional stanzas are wholly the production of Mr. Smith himself or any of his poetical friends, poor Jamie Hill, for instance, we have little right to conjecture; but they are more happily introduced than *additional* verses usually are, and are worthy of a place in the first collections of the present day. The air is well known and beautiful. We have found it in a collection which we have every reason to believe is very old.

LEEZY LINDSAY.

Moderate time.

Will ye gang to the High-lands, Lee - zy
Lind-say? Will ye gang to the High-lands wi'
me? Will ye gang to the High-lands, Lee - zy
Lind-say, My pride and my darl - ing to be?

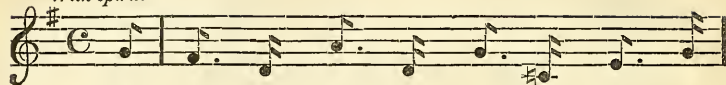
O ye are the bonniest maiden,
The flower o' the west countrie;
Will ye gang to the Highlands, Leezy Lindsay,
My pride and my darling to be.

I've goud an' I've gear, Leezy Lindsay,
And a heart that lo'es only but thee;
They a' shall be thine, Leezy Lindsay,
Gin ye my lov'd darling will be.

She has gotten a gown o' green satin,
And a bonny blythe bride is she,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Donald,
His pride and his darling to be.

To whom we are indebted for these simple and sweet lines neither tradition nor history informs us. The music is also excellent, so that they are a happy accompaniment to each other.

TULLOCHGORUM.

With spirit.

Come gie's a sang, the la - dy cried, And



lay your dis - putes all a - side, What



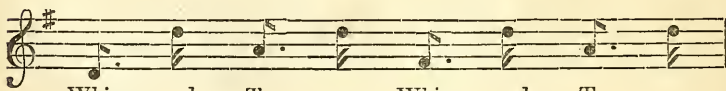
sig - ni - fies't for folks to chide For



what's been done be - fore them? Let



Whig and To - ry all a - gree,



Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry,



Whig and To - ry all a - gree, To



drop their whig - meg - mor - um. Let



Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 And make a cheerfu' quorum.
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na be sae great a phraise,
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
 I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
 For hauf a hunder score o' em.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Highland taste,
 Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
 And silly sauls themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum.
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna rise to shake a fit
 To the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that's good watch o'er him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' em!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

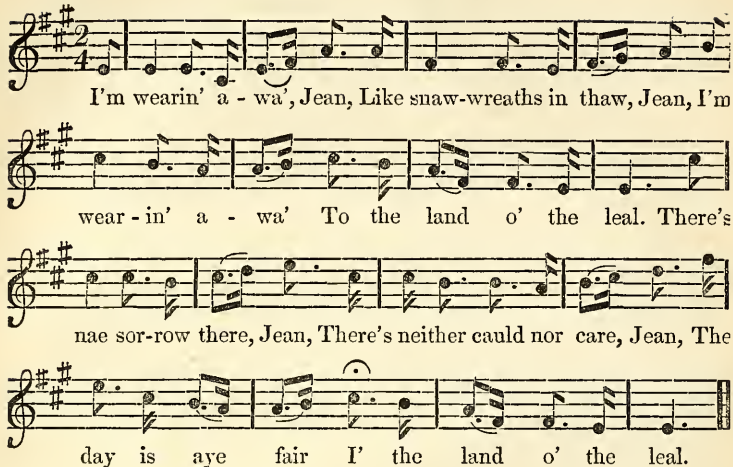
But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whae'er he be that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum!

The Reverend John Skinner, minister of the Episcopal chapel of Linshart, near Peterhead, was the author of this excellent song. Burns speaks rapturously of it, and very deservedly. The lady who requested the song was a Mrs. Montgomery, of Ellon, who one evening good-humouredly observed to her reverend guest, that this beautiful old music wanted words, and begged he would try his hand upon it, when the preceding was the result. We wish every one so situated were as successful. The tune is very old, and is mentioned in Habbie Simson's Epitaph—

“Sae weill's he keepit his decorum,
 And all the stottis of Quhipp Meg Morum.”

Stottis means notes—Quhipp Meg Morum is the old name of the air, and the sense is therefore Notes of Whig Meg Morum.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

Slow.


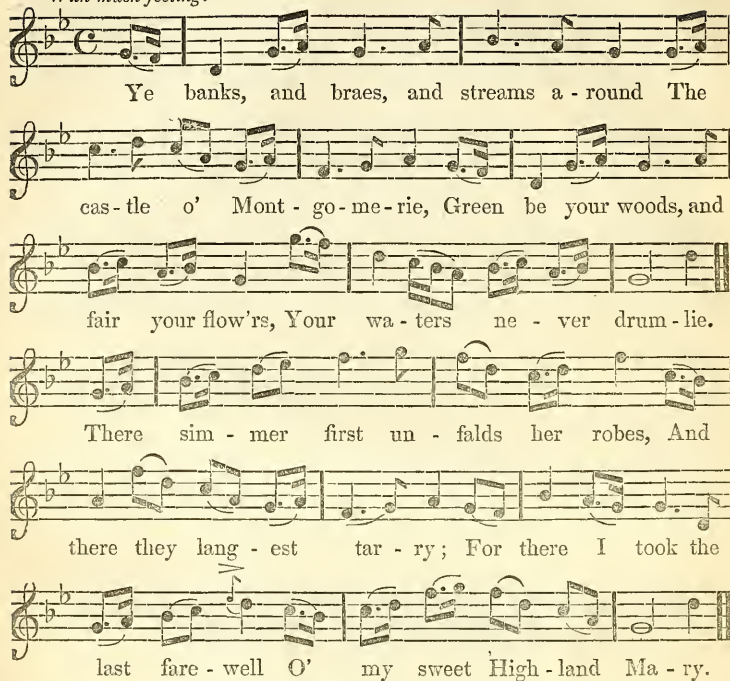
I'm wearin' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean, I'm
 wear - in' a - wa' To the land o' the leal. There's
 nae sor-row there, Jean, There's neither could nor care, Jean, The
 day is aye fair I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith good and fair, Jean,
 And, O! we grudged her sair
 To the land o' the leal.
 But sorrow's sel' wears past, Jean,
 And joy's coming fast, Jean,
 A joy that's ay to last
 I' the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, Jean,
 Sae free the battle fought, Jean,
 That sinfu' man e'er brought
 To the land o' the leal.
 O, dry your glistening e'e, Jean,
 My soul langs to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal.

O, haud ye leal and true, Jean,
 Your day its wearing thro', Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Now fare-ye-well, my ain Jean,
 This world's cares are vain, Jean,
 We'll meet and we'll be fain
 I' the land o' the leal.

HIGHLAND MARY.

With much feeling.


Ye banks, and braes, and streams a-round The
cas-tle o' Mont-go-me-rie, Green be your woods, and
fair your flow'rs, Your wa-ters ne-ver drum-lie.
There sim-mer first un-falds her robes, And
there they lang-est tar-ry; For there I took the
last fare-well O' my sweet High-land Ma-ry.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselfs asunder.
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary.

O, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
 And closed for ay the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

Mary Campbell, the subject of this and several other of the most beautiful effusions of the unfortunate Burns, was unquestionably the object of the purest, holiest, and most ardent affection that ever glowed within the bosom of the poet. The history of their loves is interesting. Mary Campbell resided near Mauchline, in the humble capacity of servant to a gentleman's family. She was not celebrated for great beauty, but she possessed the less perishable charms of an intelligent mind, a sweet temper, and mild disposition, which gained her general esteem, and won the heart of the youthful bard. After a pretty long tack of the most ardent reciprocal affection, they met on a May Sunday in a sequestered spot on the banks of Ayr, to enjoy a day of "parting love," before Mary should embark for the Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for her projected change in life. The ceremonial observed at parting was extremely simple and impressive. The lovers stood upon the opposite sides of a limpid stream, laved their hands in its purling waters, and then exchanged Bibles, and in the most solemn manner pledged vows of eternal fidelity across the rivulet. The Bible which Burns that day placed in the hands of his soul's idol is still preserved. Upon the boards of the first volume is inscribed, in the handwriting of the bard, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely: I am the Lord." Levit. XIX chap. 12th verse. On the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oaths." Matth. V chap. 33rd verse. Upon the blank leaf of each, "Robert Burns, Moss-giel."

Mary proceeded to the Highlands and communicated to her relations the matrimonial offers of her lowland lover. Burns' gallantry at this time formed a "theme for gossip's story." He was then the father of an illegitimate child, and her friends were averse to her forming an union with one whom the world condemned as a rake. Had Mary survived, however, these objections would doubtless all have been surmounted; but, alas! "the course of true love never did run smooth." The solemn parting on the "banks of Ayr" was indeed their last; for ere they were long separated, the resistless arm of death numbered Mary among its victims, and she was mingled with the clods of the valley, while the bard, unconscious of his bereavement, was revelling in visionary prospects of domestic bliss. Impatient of delay, Burns wrote repeatedly to the Highlands, but could obtain no information to quiet his doating and doubting soul. At length he addressed a letter of inquiry to her uncle at Greenock, and by him the striking and melancholy truth was unfolded. To one who was so tenderly alive to all the finer feelings and passions this proved an overwhelming blow; and his impassioned address to "Mary in Heaven" shows how deep-rooted was his affection. After Mary's death, several letters from Burns, breathing all the ardour and enthusiasm which characterized his amatory effusions, were discovered in her chest. These, however, with a letter of condolence to Mrs. Campbell on the death of her daughter, were committed to the flames by the ruthless hand of one of Mary's brothers. The reason he assigned for doing so was, "that his mother always shed tears when she read them, and he could not bear to see his mother weeping." The ashes of Highland Mary repose in the West churchyard of Greenock, without a stone to "mark the whereabouts."

THE BOATIE ROWS.

Lightly, except the last verse.

O, weel may the boatie row, And

bet - ter may it speed; O,

weel may the boatie row, That

• wins the bairns' bread. The

boa - tie rows, the boa - tie rows, The

boa - tie rows fu' weel; And

mei - kle luck at - tend the boat, The

mur - n and the creel.

I coast my line in Largo Bay,
 And I caught fishes nine;
 'Twas three to roast, and three to boil,
 And three to bait the line.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 Who wishes her to speed.

O weel may the boatie row
 That fills a heavy creel,
 And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
 And buys our pottage meal.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows indeed;
 And happy be the lot of a'
 That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
 And wan frae me my heart,
 O muckle lighter grew my creel!
 He swore we'd never part.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And muckle lighter is the load
 When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upon my head,
 And dress'd myself fu' braw,
 I trow my heart was douff an' wae
 When Jamie gaed awa':
 But weel may the boatie row,
 And lucky be her part;
 And lightsome be the lassie's care
 That yields an honest heart.

When Sawny, Jock, an' Janetie,
 Are up, and gotten lear,
 They'll help to gar the boatie row,
 And lighten a' our care.
 The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
 The boatie rows fu' weel;
 And lightsome be the heart that bears
 The murlin and the creel.

This beautiful song has been erroneously ascribed to a Mr. Ewen of Aberdeen, by many who should have known better. It was written at least an hundred years before honest John drew breath, and was called "The Fisher's Rant of Fittie" (Foot-Dee). The old song, or rather ballad, contains twice the number of verses as the present one, which was abridged by the late Mr. John Ewen, jeweller, for the purpose of being sung by a Mr. Wilson in the theatre of Aberdeen, when it became so popular as to be published by James Chalmers in one of the Aberdeen Magazines. One of the old verses runs thus:

And when with age we're worn down,
 And hirpling round the door,
 They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
 As we've done them before.

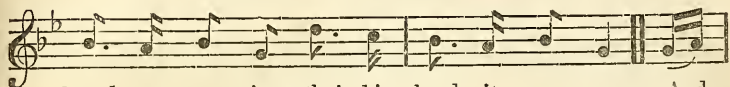
These warm-hearted lines breathe the sentiments of true affection and parental love; showing the hope and the faith they had in their offspring, when the winter of age had enfeebled their own hands.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

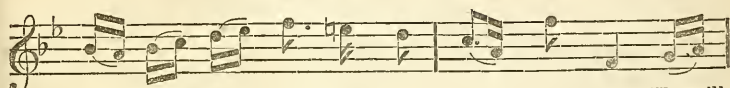
Mournfully.



By yon cas-tle wa', at the close of the day, I



heard a man sing, 'tho' his head it was grey; And



as he was sing - ing, the tears down came, There'll



ne - ver be peace till Ja - mie comes hame.

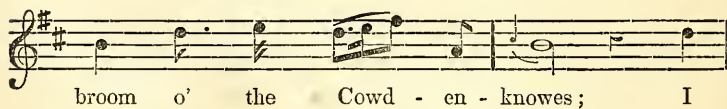
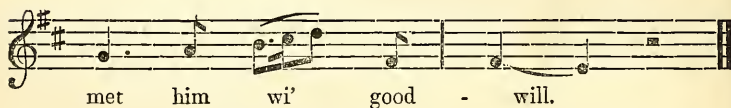
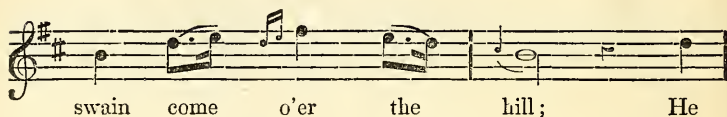
The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
We darena weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame;
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yird;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame;
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me sair down,
Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moments my words are the same,
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

This plaintive song refers to King James, the abdicated monarch, and has long been popular amongst the Jacobites. Quaintly, yet powerfully, does it detail the convulsions which then so fearfully racked our native land. The air to which it is sung is enchanting.

THE BROOM O' COWDENKNOWES.

With feeling.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay ;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me a' the day.
 O, the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by ;
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
 O, the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time by turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,
 'Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.
 O, the broom, &c.

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
 O, the broom, &c.

He did oblige me every hour,
 Cou'd I but faithful be ?
 He staw my heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 O, the broom, &c.

My doggie and my little kit,
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plaidy, brooch, and crooked stick,
 May now lye useless by.
 O, the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu,
 Farewell, a' pleasures there ;
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.
 O, the broom, &c.

By some editors this song is ascribed to a Mr. Crawford ; but Allan Ramsay, who must have known better than any other person, in his "Tea-table Miscellany," where it first appeared, gives S. R. as the initials of the author. There is a beautiful, very old ballad of the same name, and sung to the same tune.

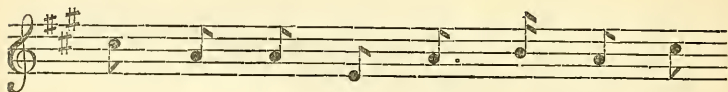
MAGGY LAUDER.

Lively.

Wha wad - na be in love Wi'



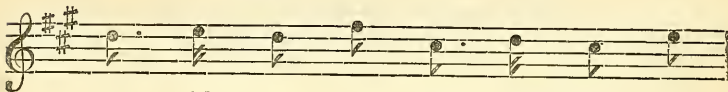
bon - ny Mag - gy Lau - der! A



pi - per met her gaun to Fife, An'



spier'd what was't they ca'd her: Right



scorn - ful - ly she ans - wer'd him, Be -



gone ye hal - lan - sha - ker, Jog



on your gate, ye bleth - er - in skate, My



name is Mag - gy Lau - der.

Maggy, quoth he, now by my bags,
 I'm fidging fain to see thee ;
 Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
 Indeed I winna steer thee :
 For I'm a piper to my trade,
 My name is Rob the Ranter ;
 The lasses loup as they were daft,
 When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags,
 Or is your drone in order ?
 If ye be Rob, I've heard o' you—
 Live ye upon the border ?
 The lasses a', baith far an' near,
 Hae heard o' Rob the Ranter ;
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will,
 If ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
 About the drone he twisted ;
 Meg up and walloped o'er the green,
 For brawlie could she frisk it :
 Well done, quoth he ; play up, quoth she ;
 Well bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter ;
 'Tis worth my while to play, indeed,
 When I hae sic a dancer.

Well hae ye played your part, quoth Meg,
 Your cheeks are like the crimson ;
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae well,
 Since we lost Habbie Simpson.
 I've lived in Fife, baith maid and wife,
 These ten years and a quarter ;
 And gin ye come to Anster Fair,
 Spier ye for Maggy Lauder.

This curious song is very old. Tradition ascribes it to Francis Semple, the author of "The blythesome Bridal." We possess a much more graphic version in manuscript, rich as this one is in allegory, but we will not pollute our pages by giving it here. Pity it is that our wittiest songs have thus brought upon themselves their own condemnation.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE ?

In moderate time.

Wilt thou be my dea - rie? When
 sor - row wrings thy gen - tle heart, O,
 wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the trea - sure of my soul, That's the love I bear thee! I
 swear and vow that on - ly thou Shalt
 e - ver be my dea - rie.
 On - ly thou, I swear and vow, Shalt
 e - ver be my dea - rie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Sayna thou'lt refuse me.
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for mine may chuse me;
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

This song was written by Burns to the above air "The Sutor's Daughter."

O SPEED, LORD NITHSDALE.

With feeling.

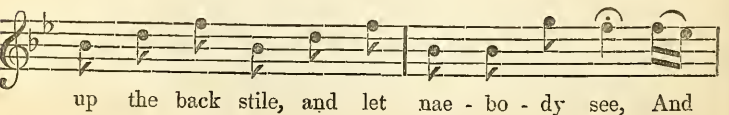
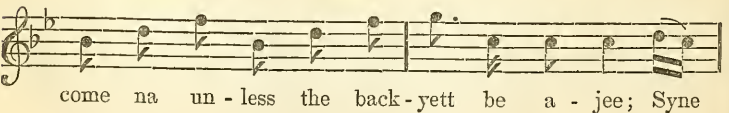
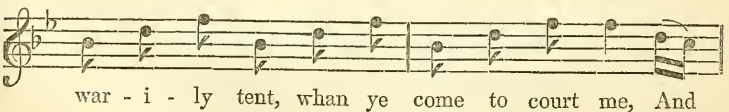
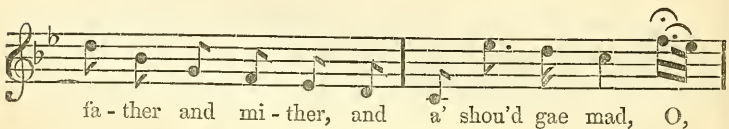
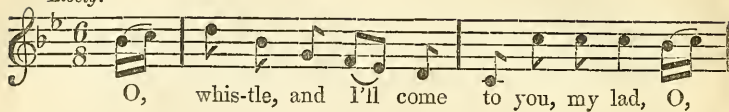
O speed, Lord Niths-dale, speed ye fast, Sin'
 ye maun frae your coun-trie flee; Nae mer-cy mot fa'
 to your share, Nae pi-ty is for thine and thee.
 Thy la-dy sits in lone-ly bower, And
 fast the tear fa's frae her e'e; And aye she sighs, "O,
 blaw ye winds, And bear Lord Niths-dale far frae me."

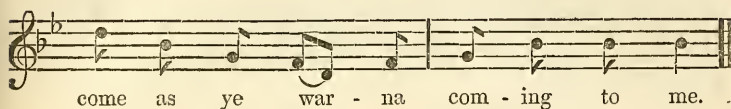
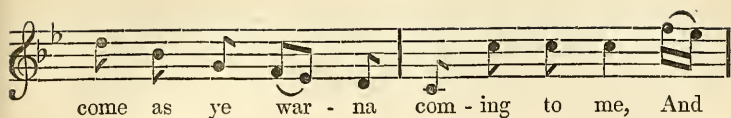
Her heart sae wae was like to break,
 While kneeling by the taper bright;
 But ae red drap came to her cheek,
 As shone the morning's rosy light.
 Lord Nithsdale's bark she mot na see,
 Winds sped it swiftly o'er the main;
 "O, ill betide," quoth that fair dame,
 "Wha' sic a comely knight had slain."

Lord Nithsdale lov'd wi' mickle love,
 But he thought on his country's wrang;
 And he was deem'd a traitor syne,
 And forced frae a' he lov'd to gang.
 "O, I will gae to my lov'd lord,
 He mayna smile I trow bot me;"
 But hame and ha', and bonny bowers,
 Nae mair will glad Lord Nithsdale's e'e.

Written by Robert Allan, of Kilbarchan, author of many beautiful lyrics. The music is old.

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Lively.



O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
 Tho' father and mither and a' shou'd gae mad,
 O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
 At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye car'd na a flee ;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonny blythe e'e,
 Yet look as ye warn a lookin' at me.

O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
 O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
 Tho' father and mither and a' shou'd gae mad,
 O, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
 Ay, vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;
 But court na anither, tho' joking ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

The music of this song was composed by a Jacobite fiddler of the name of Bruce, a native of Dumfries. The words by Burns, founded on an old song of the same name.

ROY'S WIFE.

In moderate time.

Roy's wife of Al - di - val-loch, Roy's wife of

Al - di - val-loch, Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As

I cam' o'er the braes o' Bal - loch? She

vow'd, she swore, she wou'd be mine, She said she lo'ed me

best o' o-ny; But, oh! the fic-kle, faith-less quean, She's

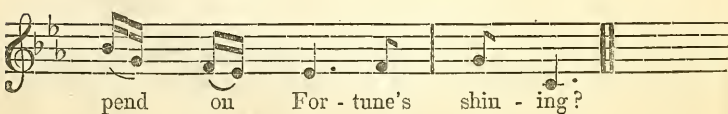
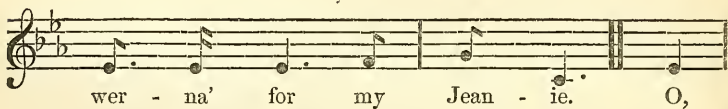
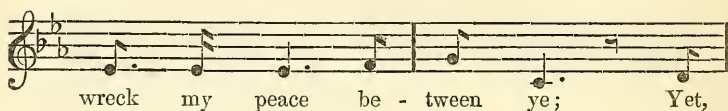
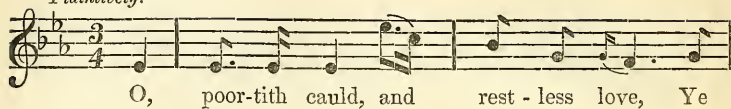
ta'en the carle and left her John - nie! *Da Capo.*

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me
 As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch?
 She was a kind and canty quean,
 Weel could she dance the Highland walloch,
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivalloch!

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
 Wat ye how she cheated me
 As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch?
 Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou' sae sweet and bonnie;
 To me she ever will be dear,
 Tho' she's for ever left her Johnnie!

The authoress of this excellent song is said to be Mrs. Grant. The music, as well as another version of the words, is old; and one of those lively Highland airs that carry a freshness about them which never fades.

O, POORTITH CAULD.

Plaintively.

This world's wealth, when I think on
 Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't.
 O, why should fate, &c.

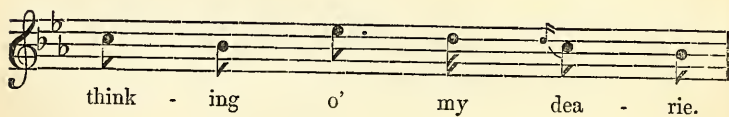
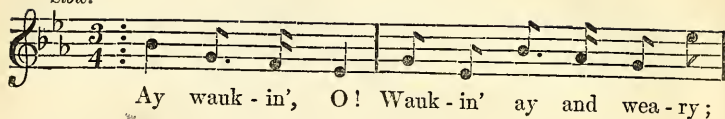
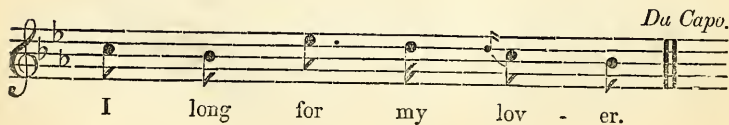
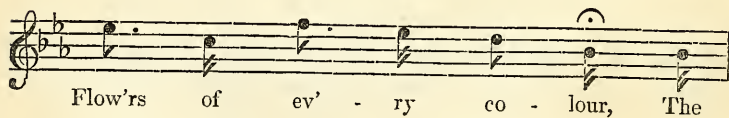
Her e'en, sae bonnie blue, betray
 How she repays my passion;
 But prudence is her o'erword aye,
 She talks of rank and fashion.
 O, why should fate, &c.

O! wha can prudence think upon,
 And sic a lassie by him?
 O! wha can prudence think upon,
 And sae in love as I am?
 O, why should fate, &c.

How blest the wild-wood Indian's fate!
 He woos his simple dearie;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make him eerie.
 O, why should fate, &c.

When George Thomson was preparing his collection of Scottish music for the public, he applied to Burns for words to many of the airs; the old versions being too indelicate for the present generation. Amongst the many he sent was the preceding song, but without note or comment.

AY WAUKIN', O!

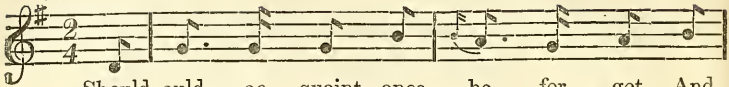
Slow.*p.**Du Capo.*

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie;
 Rest I canna get
 For thinking on my dearie.
 Ay waukin', O!
 Waukin' ay and wearie;
 Come, come blissful dream,
 Bring to me my dearie.

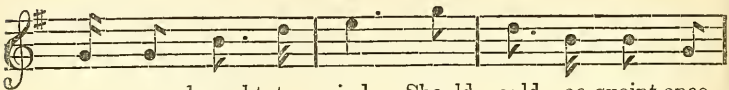
Darksome night comes down,
 A' the lave are sleepin'
 I think on my kind lad,
 And blin' my e'en wi' greetin'.
 Ay waukin', O!
 Waukin' ay and wearie;
 Hope is sweet, but ne'er
 Sae sweet as thee, my dearie.

The air of this song is beautiful, although the words seem somewhat ridiculous. The chorus is old, and part of the song modern. There is an old and romantic story where this air forms a very prominent feature. A young gentleman was returning to his home along with his father one dark and stormy evening in the depth of winter. Having to cross a burn, swollen by the mountain streams to a foaming torrent, and being well assured of their horses' powers, both plunged in, the father foremost. With much difficulty he gained the opposite bank, and turned round to cheer his gallant boy up the steep, not doubting but that he was immediately behind. What was his horror in beholding the trusty steed gain his footing on the solid earth without his rider, who had been swept away by the boiling flood. No one lamented him more than his sister, to whom he was ardently attached. One night, as she lay lamenting and sorrowing for his death, he appeared to her in the room, and informed her that he was not dead as was supposed, but had been stolen away by the Fairy Queen, by whom he was beloved. He farther informed her, that on a particular night at a certain hour, should she be at a certain place and attend to his directions, she might yet redeem him, by pulling him from his horse, a milk-white steed, in the centre of the cavalcade, and retaining him in spite of all the transmigrations which he should undergo. The night came, the maiden went to the appointed spot, adhered strictly to all the directions, until he was changed into some hideous form in her arms, which she unfortunately unbound for a moment in an agony of terror. All was lost, and he could never again be recovered, but was heard often in the stilly night pouring forth his complaints in the beautiful and touching air of "Ay waukin', O '"

AULD LANGSYNE.

In moderate time.

Should auld ac - quaint - ance be for - got, And

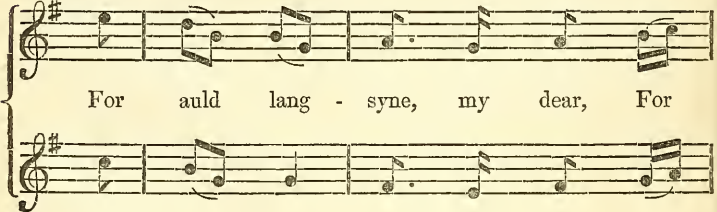


ne - ver brought to mind; Should auld ac-quaint-ance



be for - got, And days o' lang - syne.

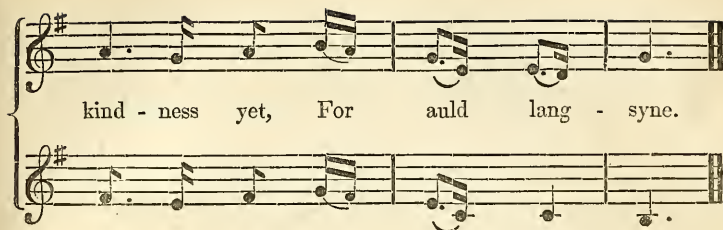
CHORUS.



For auld lang - syne, my dear, For



auld lang - syne; We'll tak' a cup o'



And surely ye'll be your pint stoup !

And surely I'll be mine !

And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld langsyne.

For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,

And pou't the gowans fine ;

But we've wander'd mony a weary foot

Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't in the burn

Frae morning sun till dine ;

But seas between us braid hae roar'd

Sin' auld langsyne.

For auld, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty friend,

And gies a hand o' thine ;

And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught,

For auld langsyne.

For auld, &c.

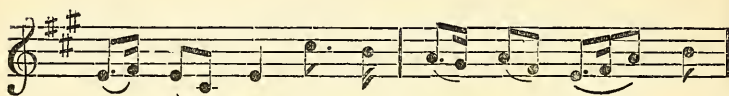
Part of this song is old, the rest by Burns. James Watson, in his *Collection of Ancient Poems*, published two parts of a song of the same character about a hundred and twenty years ago, and Allan Ramsay has followed in the same walk. The music claims the same affinity with the church as "John Anderson, my jo;" viz. that of being a stolen chaunt. Insensible, indeed, must he be whose whole heart has not thrilled an accompaniment to both the music and words of this universal favorite, while grasping in friendship's circle the hands of the loved and tried of Auld Langsyne.

'THOU ART GANE AWA FRAE ME, MARY!

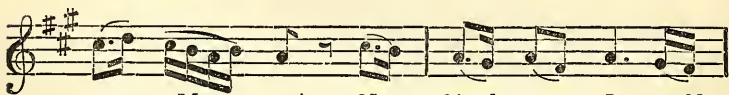
Slowly.



Thou art gane a - wa, thou art



gane a - wa, Thou art gane a - wa frae



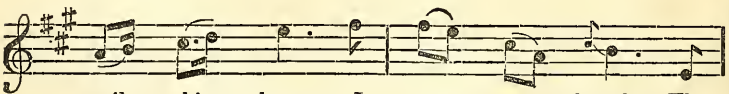
me, Ma - ry! Nor friends, nor I could



make thee stay, Thou hast cheat - ed them and



me, Ma - - - ry. Un -



til this hour I ne - ver thought That



ought could alt - er thee, Ma - ry; Thou'rt



Whate'er he said or might pretend,
 Wha stole that heart o' thine, Mary ;
 True love, I'm sure, was ne'er his end,
 Nor nae sic love as mine, Mary.
 I spake sincere, ne'er flatter'd much,
 Had no unworthy thought, Mary ;
 Ambition, wealth, nor naething such,
 No, I lov'd only thee, Mary.

Tho' you've been false, yet while I live
 No other maid I'll woo, Mary ;
 Let friends forget, as I forgive,
 Thy wrongs to them and me, Mary.
 So then farewell ; of this be sure,
 Since you've been false to me, Mary,
 For all the world I'd not endure
 Half what I've done for thee, Mary !

The author of this song and his Mary were one evening at a ball, when they were paid an unexpected visit by an early friend ; and, to pay him all possible respect, the intended bridegroom gave up his Mary as his partner for the night, when she eloped with the stranger in the morning ; which ingratitude on the one part, and falsity on the other, left the author to die a melancholy death.

MY NANNIE, O.

Moderately slow.

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows 'Mang



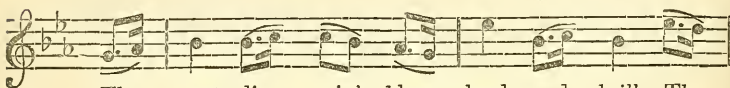
muirs and moss - es ma - ny, O ; The



win - try sun the day has clos'd, And



I'll a - wa' to Nan - nie, O.



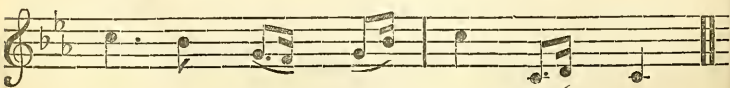
The west - lin win' blows loud and shrill, The



night's baith mirk and rain - y, O ; But I'll



get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And



o'er the hills to Nan - nie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, an' young,
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O ;
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O ;
 The op'ning gowan wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O ;
 But what care I how few they be,
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O ;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O ;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
 An' has nae care but Nannie, O.

Come well, come woe, I care na by,
 I'll tak' what Heaven will send me, O ;
 Nae ither care in life hae I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

The present verses are by Burns. Ramsay also wrote a song to this tune ; and there was one prior to both, a copy of which is given in Fullarton and Co.'s edition of Burns' Works, Vol. II. The heroine of Burns' song was a Miss Fleming, daughter of a farmer in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire, and the verses were written when the author was very young. The late W. Motherwell, Esq. had a very old MS. musical collection in which this air occurred.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

Slow.

The yel-low-hair'd lad - die sat down on yon
brae, Cries, milk the ewes, las - sie, let
nane o' them gae; And aye as she
milk - ed, and ay as she sang, "The
yel-low-hair'd lad - die shall be my guid - man."

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in;
They winna bught in, altho' I shon'd die,
O, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.
They winna bught in, altho' I shou'd die,
O, yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind unto me.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come ben,
The cheese is to make, and the butter's to kirm;
'Tho' butter, and cheese, and a' shou'd gae sour,
I'll crack and I'll kiss wi' my love ae hauf hour.
It's ae hauf hour, and we's e'en make it three,
For my yellow-hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

Allan Ramsay, like Robert Burns, renovated many of the old decayed Scottish songs, of which this was one. The music is sweet and old. The beauty of the air, and the happiness of the subject, have united in giving popularity to a song which cannot rank high as poetry. Ramsay seems to have admired the air much, since he wrote another in the Gentle Shepherd in the same measure. This last is valuable in containing a list apparently of the poet's favourite songs—

"Our Jenny sings saftly the "Cowden broom knowes,"
And Rosie lilts sweetly the "Milking the ewes;"
There's few "Jenny Nettles" like Nancy can sing;
At "Thro' the wood, laddie," Bess gars our lugs ring.
But when my dear Peggy sings with better skill
"The Boatman," "Tweed-side," and "The lass o' the mill,"
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasant to me;
For though they sing nicely, they cannot like thee."

DONALD.

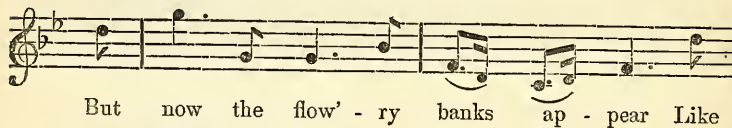
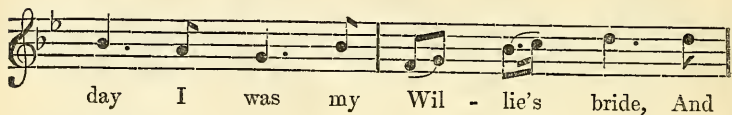
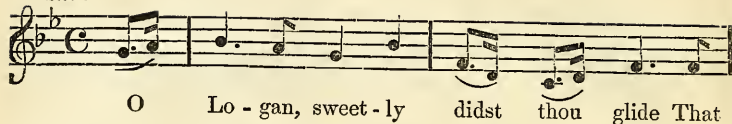
Slowly.

When first you court-ed me, I own, I
fond - ly fa-vour'd you; Ap - pa - rent worth and
high re - nown, Made me be - lieve you
true, - - Do-nald. Each vir - tue then seemed
to a - dorn The man es - teemed by
me; But now the mask's thrown off, I scorn To
waste one thought on thee, - - Do - nald.

O, then, for ever haste away,
 Away from love and me;
 Go, seek a heart that's like your own,
 And come no more to me, Donald.
 For I'll reserve myself alone
 For one that's more like me;
 If such a one I cannot find,
 I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

Burns has written two fine stanzas to this air—"From thee, Eliza, I must go;" but as they are to be met with in almost every collection of songs, we prefer giving the above old words as the greater rarity.

LOGAN WATER.

Slow.

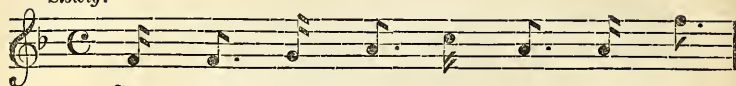
Again the merry month of May
 Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers ;
 Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears of joy ;
 My soul delightless a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Among her nestlings, sits the thrush ;
 Her faithful mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile ;
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

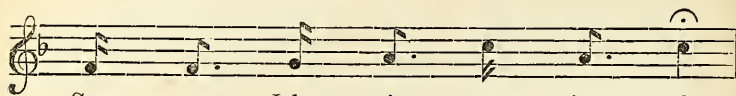
O, wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan braes !

Mr. John Mayne, author of the "Siller Gun," "Glasgow," a poem, and others, as well as Burns, have sung the praise of Logan stream, and Logan braes. It was also a favourite with the minstrels of old, whose verses served as a basis for the preceding. The music is very old.

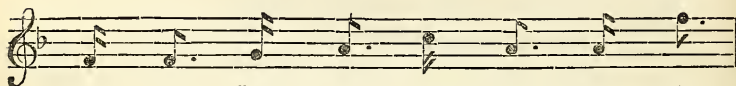
SAW YE JOHNNIE COMING, QUO' SHE.

Slowly.

Saw ye John - nie com - ing, quo' she,



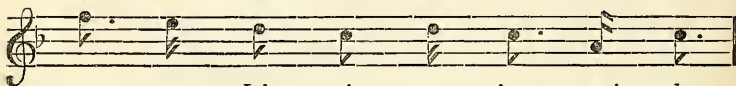
Saw ye John - nie com - ing; O



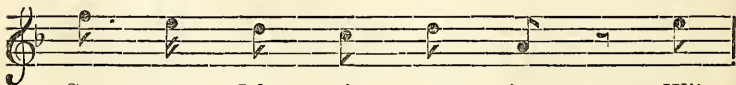
saw ye John - nie com - ing, quo' she,



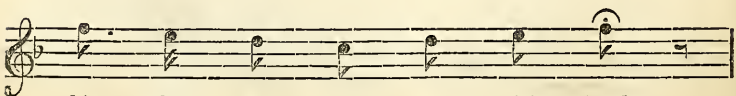
Saw ye John - nie com - ing, O



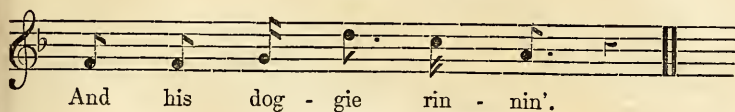
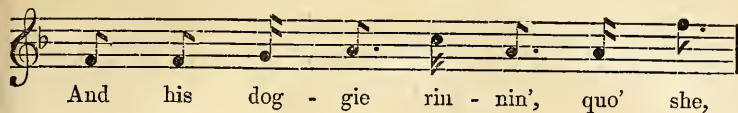
saw ye John - nie com - ing, quo' she,



Saw ye John - nie com - ing Wi'



his blue bon - net on his head,



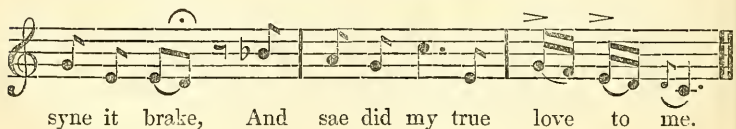
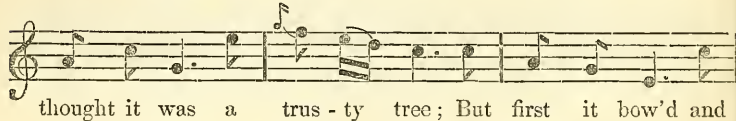
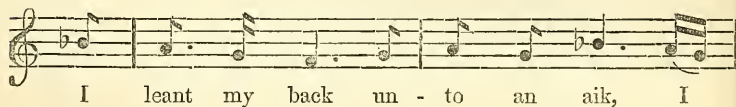
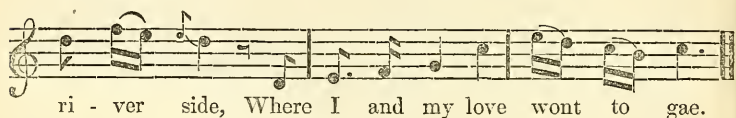
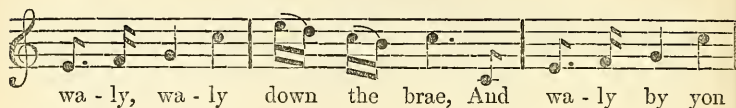
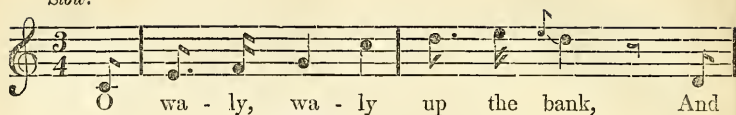
Fee him, father, fee him, quoth she,
 Fee him, father, fee him ;
 Fee him, father, fee him, quoth she,
 Fee him, father, fee him ;
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a well-doing ;
 And a' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me, when I see him, quoth she,
 Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hizzie,
 What will I do wi' him ?
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gi'e him.
 I hae twa sarks into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gie him ;
 And for a merk of mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quoth she,
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quoth she,
 Weel do I lo'e him ;
 For weel do I lo'e him, quoth she,
 Weel do I lo'e him.
 O fee him, father, fee him, quoth she,
 O fee him, father, fee him ;
 He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quoth she,
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

This is a very old but very excellent song, and contains much to be admired. Her generous example ought to be more universally followed by all maidens. When played slow and with feeling it is most affecting : under such an impression Burns has beautifully wedded it to "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie."

WALY, WALY.

Slow.

O waly, waly, but love be bonnie
 A little time while it is new ;
 But when its auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning dew.
 O, wherefore shou'd I busk my head ?
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my hair ?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be foil'd by me ;
 Saint Anton's Well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love has forsaken me.
 Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
 O, gentle Death, when wilt thou come ?
 For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
 'Tis nae sic cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see ;
 My love was clad i' the black velvet,
 And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my heart in a case of gowd,
 And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
 Oh, oh ! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I mysell were dead and gone !
 For a maid again I'll never be.

This fragment of a very old song was first published by Allan Ramsay, not knowing, perhaps, that there still remained another and a better half, which has never yet been laid before the public. The present part has been repeatedly printed as complete. Burns was in error in saying he had seen a different edition of the second stanza, which ran thus—

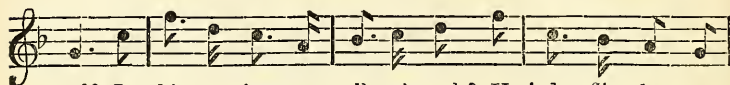
When cockle-shells turn siller bells,
 And mussels grow on ilka tree,
 When frost and snaw shall warm us a',
 Then shall my love prove true to me.

These lines have no connection whatever with this beautiful song ; they are part of another very different from the above. Bishop Percy unwittingly fell into the same error.

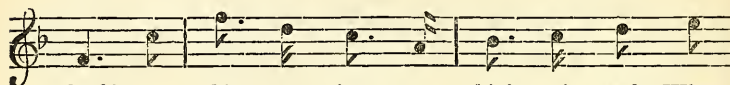
THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Moderately.

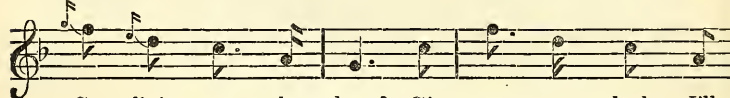
And are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's



weel? Is this a time to talk o' wark? Ye jades, fling by your



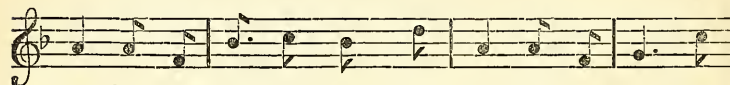
wheel! Is this a time to think o' wark, When



Co - lin's at the door? Gie me my cloak, I'll



to the quay, And see him come a - shore. For there's



nae luck a - bout the house, There's nae luck a - va', There's



lit - tle plea - sure in the house, Whan our gudeman's a - wa'.

Rise up, and make a clean fire-side,
 Put on the muckle pot;
 Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday coat;
 And make their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their hose as white as snaw;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 He likes to see them bray.

There are twa hens upon the bauk
 Been fed this month and mair,
 Make haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare :
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw ;
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa'.

Come, gie me down my bigonets,
 My bishop-satin gown ;
 And rin and tell the Bailie's wife
 That Colin's come to town :
 My Sunday sheen they maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue ;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

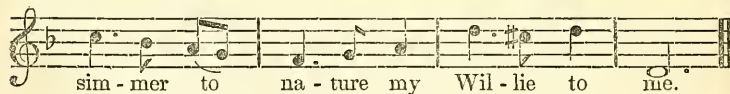
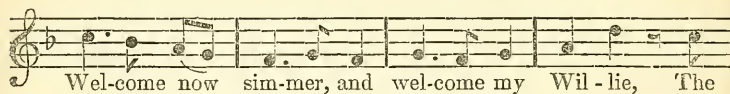
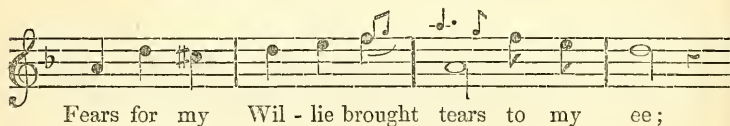
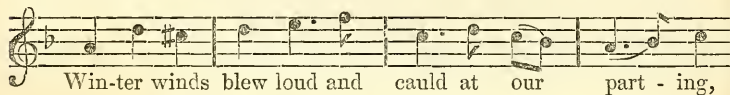
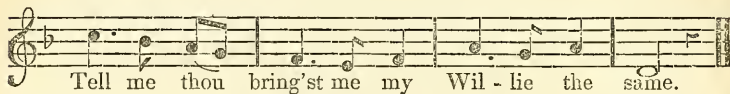
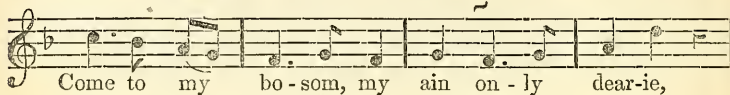
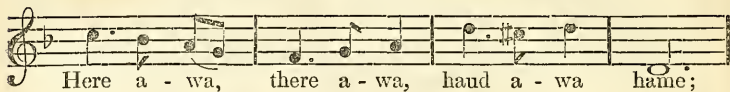
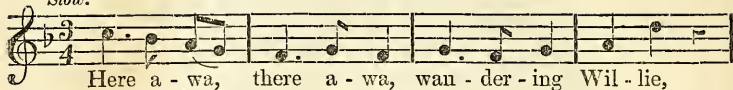
Sae true his words, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air !
 His very foot has music in't
 When he comes up the stair :
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzie wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
 That thrilled through my heart,
 They're a' blawn by ; I hae him safe,
 'Till death we'll never part :
 But what puts parting in my mind,
 It may be far awa' ;
 The present moment is our ain,
 The niest we never saw !

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,
 I hae nae mair to crave ;
 Could I but live to make him blest,
 I'm blest aboon the lave.
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzie wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.

This is one of the best domestic songs in existence. The author has not been finally decided upon—one person giving it to Mrs. Jane Adam, a schoolmistress in the west of Scotland, and author of a small volume of religious poems ; others ascribing it to Mr. Julius Mickle, a poet of no mean reputation—an altered and interlined copy in MS. having been found amongst his papers after his death, confirming this supposition, although by no means proof positive.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

Slow.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers ;
 How your dread howling a lover alarms !
 Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
 But, oh ! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main ;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame,
 Lang have I sought thee, dear have I bought thee,
 Now I have gotten my Willie again.

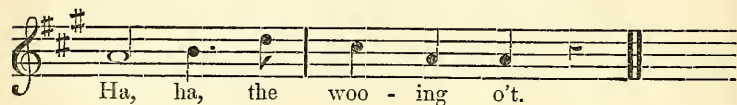
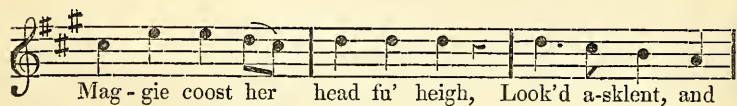
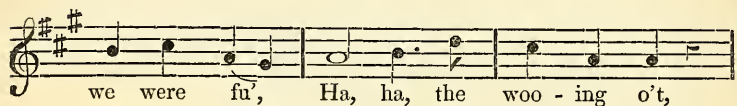
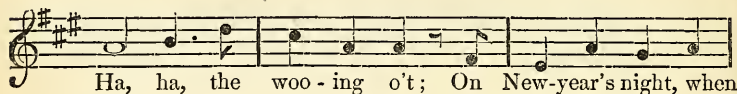
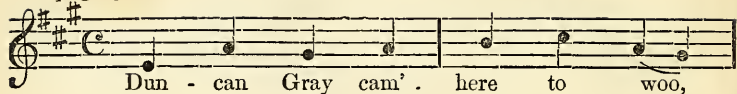
Through the lang muir I have followed my Willie,
 Through the lang muir I have followed him hame;
 Whatever betide us, nought shall divide us;
 Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain.

Here awa, there awa, here awa, Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
 Come, love, believe me, naething can grieve me,
 Ilka thing pleases while Willie's at hame.

Maids, have ye seen him, my ain true love, Willie,
 Blythe as the bird when the bud's on the tree?
 If ye hae seen him, and dinna esteem him,
 Ye havena seen Willie, the lad wha loes me.

There is a characteristic Jacobite song to this tune, and somewhat similar in many of the lines, where Duke William of Cumberland is the hero of the piece. It is written in a very satiric strain. Tradition ascribes this song and music, both very old, to a daughter of the house of Cullen, in Buchan. Aberdeenshire.

DUNCAN GRAY.

Sprightly.

Duncan fleech'd, an' Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa craig,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out an' in,
 Grat his een baith blear'd an' blin',
 Spake o' loupin' o'er the linn,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

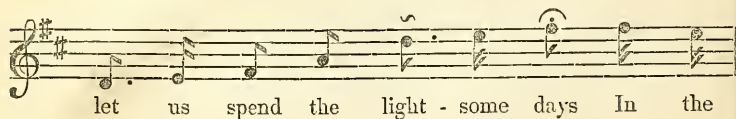
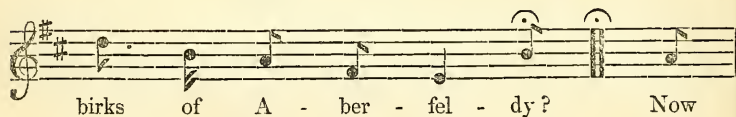
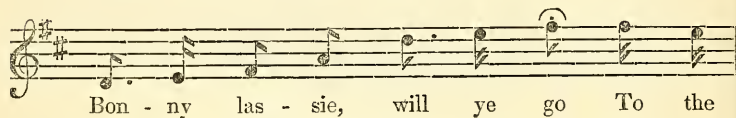
Time and chance are but a tide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Slighted love is sair to bide,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die?
 She may gae to—France—for me!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Meg grew sick as he grew hale,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Something in her bosom wrings,
 For relief a sigh she brings,
 And, O! her een, they spake sic things!
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't;
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
 Now they're crouse and canty baith,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

These verses, founded upon an old song of the same name, are by Burns, who says, in his correspondence with Thomson, that the air of "Duncan Gray" is that kind of light-horse gallop which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature. The music, according to Dr. Blacklock, is by a carman of Glasgow.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

With animation.*Da Capo.*

The little birdies blithly sing,
 While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 While o'er the linns the burnie pours,
 And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The old song on which Burns founded this one was called the "Birks of Abergeldie." This one was written while on a Highland tour, and beside the Falls of Aberfeldy, in Perthshire. Abergeldie belongs to the Gordon family of Newton in the Garioch. Many have wandered among the birks, carolling this beautiful air, and the verses of the olden time, which Burns has so successfully renovated; the same, at least nearly the same sentiments in far more beautiful and euphonic words.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

Rather lively.

Will ye gang o'er the lea - rig, My
 ain kind dea - rie, O ? Will ye gang o'er the
 lea - rig, My ain kind dea - rie, O ?
 ye' - ll tak heart and gang wi' me, Mis -
 hap will ne - ver steer ye, O ; Gude luck lies o'er the
 lea - rig, My ain kind dea - rie, O.

There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O ;
 There's wealth owre yon green lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 It's neither land, nor goud, nor braws,
 Let them gang tapsal-teerie, O ;
 It's walth o' peace, o' love, and truth,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

Poor Fergusson also wrote words to this beautiful air, which is very old ; but we have chosen the above by another hand. A stanza of the old song runs thus :

I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O ;
 I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.
 Although the night were ne'er sae wet,
 And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
 I'd rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O.

THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.

Slow.

There grows a bon - nie brier bush in
 our kail - yard, And white are the blos - soms on't in
 our kail - yard, Like wee bit white cock - ades for our
 lo - yal Hie - land lads; And the
 lass - es lo'e the bon - nie bush in our kail - yard.

But were they a' true that were far awa' ?
 Oh! were they a' true that were far awa' ?
 They drew up wi' glaiket Englishers at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot auld friends when far awa'.

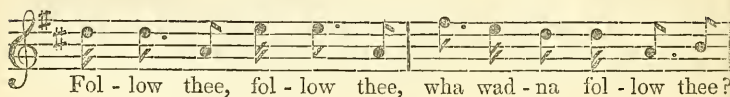
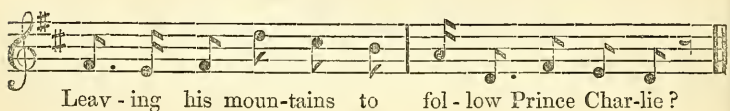
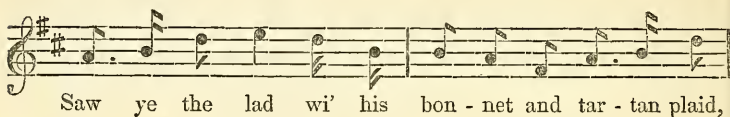
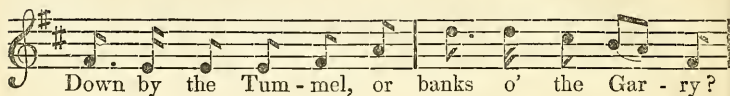
Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, where aft ye hae been,
 Ye'll come nae mair, Jamie, to Athol Green;
 Ye lo'ed ower weel the dancin' at Carlisle ha',
 And forgot the Hieland hills that were far awa'.

He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me,
 He's comin' frae the north that's to fancy me;
 A feather in his bonnet, and a ribbon at his knee;
 He's a bonnie Hieland laddie, and yon be he.

This Jacobite song evidently alludes to James, son of the abdicated monarch. The air is beautiful, and the words not so far amiss. There are more versions than one. The incorruptible affection, nay almost adoration, with which the unfortunate Stuarts, as rightful kings of Scotland, were regarded, is truly wonderful.

BONNY PRINCE CHARLIE.

With spirit.



I hae but ae son, my brave young Donald,
 But if I had ten they shou'd follow Glengarry :
 Health to Mc Donald, and gallant Clan Ronald,
 For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them,
 Down by Lord Murray and Roy of Kildarlie ;
 Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field with them,
 They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

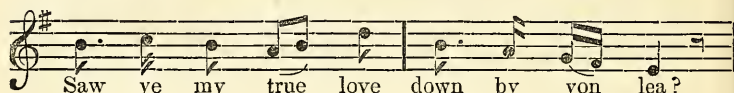
Down through the Lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
 Loyal true Highlanders, down wi' them rarely ;
 Ronald and Donald, drive on wi' the braid claymore,
 Over the necks of the foes of Princee Charlie.
 Follow thee, follow thee, &c.

The above song was written by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and set to music by Niel Gow, junior.

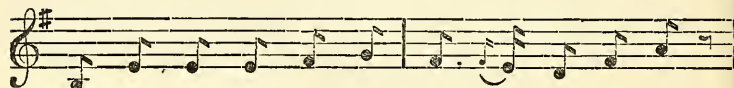
SAW YE MY WEE THING ?

Slow and with expression.

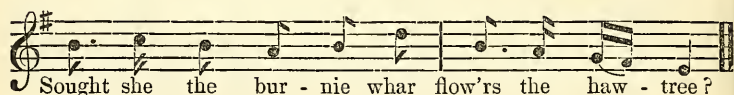
Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing?



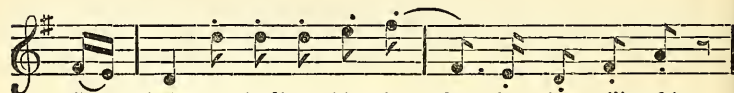
Saw ye my true love down by yon lea?



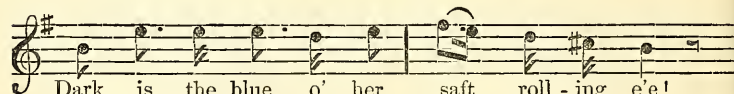
Cross'd she the mea-dow yes-treen at the gloam-ing?



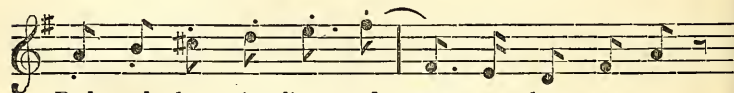
Sought she the bur-nie whar flow'rs the haw-tree?



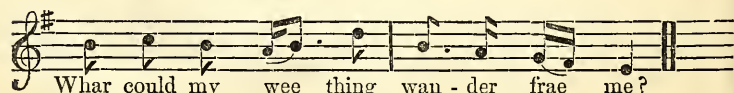
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white;



Dark is the blue o' her saft roll-ing e'e!



Red, red her ripe lips, and sweet-er than ro-ses;



Whar could my wee thing wan-der frae me?

I saw na your wee thing, I saw na your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea ;
 But I met a bonny thing late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree.
 Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
 Dark was the blue of her saft rolling e'e ;
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.

It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,
 It was na my true love ye met by the tree .
 Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature,
 She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,
 Aft has she sat, when a bairn, on my knee ;
 Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger, she ne'er wad gien kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle Cary,
 It was then your true love I met by the tree ;
 Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
 Wild flashed the fire frae his red-rolling e'e ;
 Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your seorning,
 Defend, ye fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.

Away wi' beguiling, eried the youth, smiling,
 Aff went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark-rolling e'e.
 Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
 Is it my true love here that I see ?
 O, Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

Mary of Castle Cary, by Hector Macneil, was one of his first songs; and that species of ballad-writing was all he attempted for some time. Many of his songs are exquisitely beautiful, and, from the interesting simplicity of their thoughts, perfectly naïve and natural. Macneil's mind in early life was imbued with all the softness of the tender passion. His first productions were dedicated to love; and, from what little he has left us (for he destroyed all he could of his earlier works), we may easily gather that his genius was inspired to its sublimest flights by the feelings of the heart. This is one of Hector Macneil's best songs, which has long been popular with song-singers; but there seems a few inconsistencies in it. First, they are unequally matched in their ages; he must have been a grown-up man when she was but a child on his knee; so that friendship, but not *love*, only could have existed. The second, its language is more that of childre than of older and more experienced wooers. The air to which it is adapted is the beautiful and very old one of "Bonny Dundee." Proud indeed ought the fair town to be in having inspired so many followers of music and poetry to sing her praises. No town in Scotland has so many airs and songs associated with its name and history.

THE WAUKING O' THE FAULD.

Moderate.

My Peg-gy is a young thing, Just enter'd in her teens, Fair



as the day, and sweet as May, Fair



as the day, and al - ways gay. My



Peg-gy is a young thing, And I'm not ve - ry auld; Yet



weel I like to meet her at The



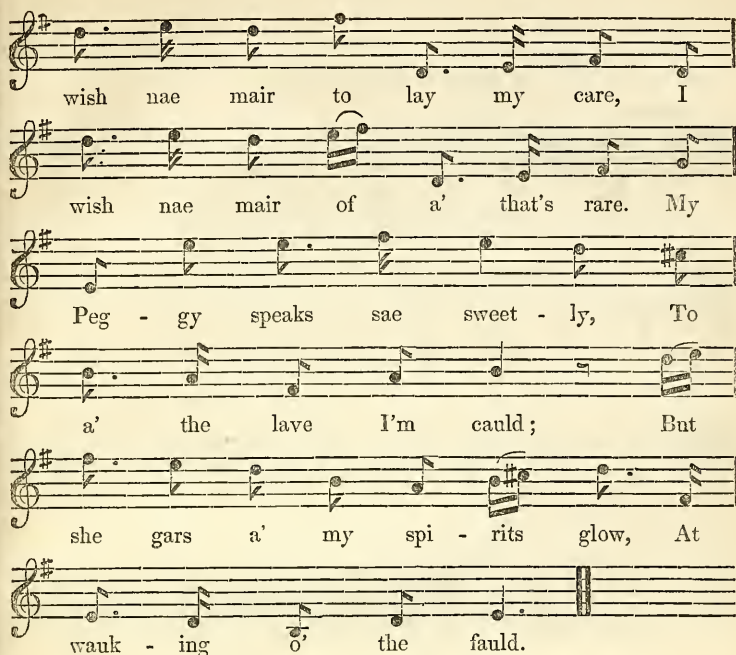
wauk - ing o' the fauld. My



Peg - gy speaks sae sweet - ly, When -



e'er we meet a - lane; I



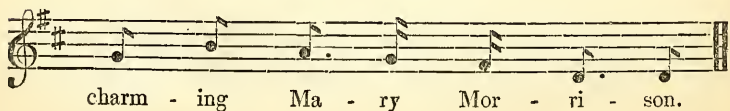
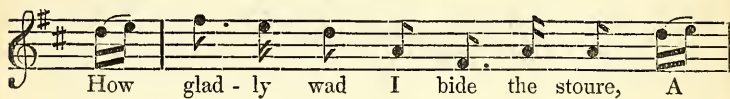
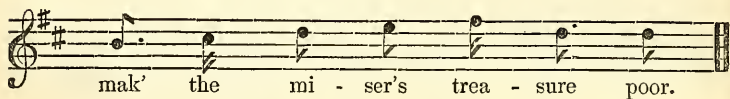
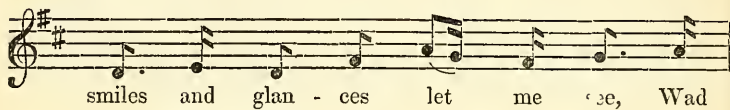
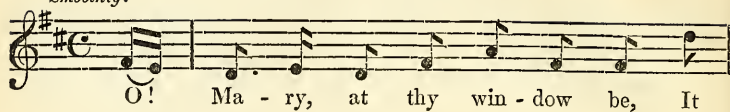
wish nae mair to lay my care, I
 wish nae mair of a' that's rare. My
 Peg - gy speaks sae sweet - ly, To
 a' the lave I'm cauld; But
 she gars a' my spi - rits glow, At
 wauk - ing o' the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,
 That I look down on a' the town,
 That I look down upon a crown.
 My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 It makes me blythe and bauld;
 And naething gie's me sic delight,
 As wauking o' the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae softly,
 When on my pipe I play;
 By a' the rest it is confest,
 By a' the rest that she sings best.
 My Peggy sings sae softly,
 And in her sangs are tauld
 With innocence the wale of sense,
 At wauking o' the fauld.

This song was written by Allan Ramsay to accompany that inimitable drama, the "Gentle Shepherd," and takes precedence of all the others. It is founded, like many of Ramsay and Burns's best songs, on one of a much more ancient date, the indelicacies of which exclude them from modern publications.

MARY MORRISON.

Smoothly.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
 Though this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
 Ye are na Mary Morrison.

O, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his
 Whose only fault is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown!
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morrison.

This is one of Burns's juvenile compositions; but by no means the worst. It is written in the old ballad style, simple and expressive; and rivets itself to the affections of every admirer of nature in its primitive state. The music is old. There are modern sets of music to the same words.

DONALD AND FLORA.

Slowly.

When mer - ry hearts were gay, Care - less of
 aught but play, Poor Flo - ra slipt a - way
 Sadd'n - ing to Mo - ra. Loose flow'd her
 yel - low hair, Quick heav'd her bo - som bare, And
 thus to the troubled air She vent-ed her sor - row :

Loud howls the northern blast,
 Bleak is the dreary waste ;
 Haste then, O, Donald, haste,
 Haste to thy Flora !
 Twice twelve long months are o'er,
 Since on a foreign shore
 You promis'd to fight no more,
 But meet me in Mora.

Come then, O, come away !
 Donald ! no longer stay !
 Where can my rover stray
 From his lov'd Flora ?
 Ah ! sure he ne'er could be
 False to his vows and me !
 Heavens ! is't not yonder he
 Comes bounding o'er Mora ?

Never, O, wretched fair !
 Sigh'd the sad messenger,
 Never shall Donald mair
 Meet his loved Flora !
 Cold as yon mountain's snow,
 Donald, thy love, lies low !
 He sent me to soothe thy woe,
 While weeping in Mora.

Well fought our valiant men
 On Saratoga's plain ;
 Thrice fled the hostile train
 From British glory.
 But, though our foes did flee,
 Sad was each victory !
 For youth, love, and loyalty,
 Fell, far, far from Mora !

Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
 Donald, expiring, said ;
 Give it to yon dear maid,
 Drooping in Mora.
 Tell her, O, Allan, tell !
 Donald thus bravely fell,
 And that in his last farewell
 He thought on his Flora !

Mute stood the trembling fair,
 Speechless with wild despair !
 Striking her bosom bare,
 She sigh'd, poor Flora !
 Ah ! Donald, ah ! well-a-day !—
 Flora no more could say ;
 At length the sound died away
 For ever in Mora !

Hector Maeneill, the author of the " Waes of War ; or, Will and Jean," wrote this song ; and I believe it to be amongst his worst, and not at all in keeping with any of his other songs. The music, however, will make amends for the deficiency of the words.

LORD GREGORY.

Slow, with feeling.

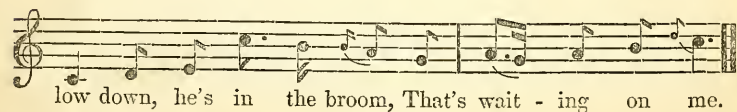
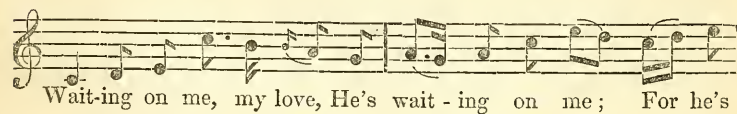
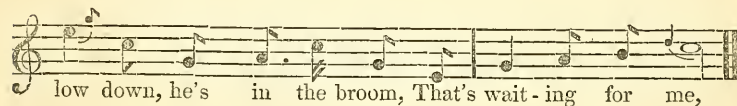
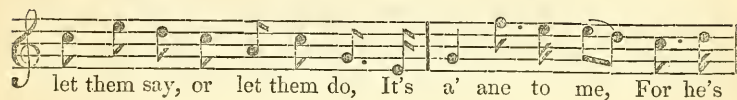
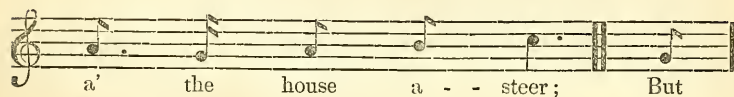
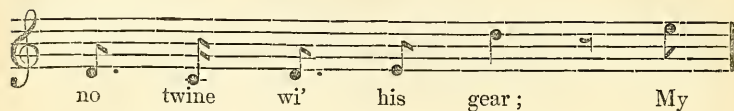
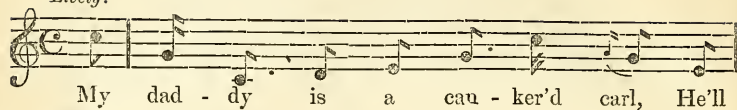
O mirk, mirk is this mid - night
 hour, And loud the tem - pest's roar; A
 wae - fu' wan - d'rer seeks thy tow'r, Lord
 Gre - go - ry, ope thy door.
 An ex - ile frae her fa - ther's
 ha', And a' for lov - ing thee: At
 least some pi - ty on me shaw, If
 love it max - na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
 By bonny Irwin side,
 Where first I own'd that virgin love
 I lang, lang had denied?
 How aften didst thou pledge and vow
 Thou wad for aye be mine!
 And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
 It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
 And flinty is thy breast;
 Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
 O, wilt thou give me rest!
 Ye mustering thunders from above,
 Your willing victim see!
 But spare, and pardon my fause love,
 His wrangs to heaven and me!

This beautifully pathetic song is the composition of Burns, founded on the old traditional ballad of "The Lass of Lochroyan." Peter Pindar, alias Dr. Wolcot, wrote another founded on the same subject and name; but, for a Scottish taste, Burns's is the most natural, Dr. Wolcot's the most poetical.

MY DADDY IS A CANKER'D CARL.

Lively.

My aunty Kate sits at her wheel,
 And sair she lightlies me ;
 But weel I ken it's a' for spite,
 For ne'er a jo has she.
 But let them, &c.

My cousin Madge was sair beguil'd
 Wi' Johnny o' the glen ;
 And aye sinsyne she cries, beware
 Of false, deluding men.
 But let them, &c.

Gleed Sandy he came west ae night,
 And spier'd when I saw Pate ;
 And aye sinsyne the neighbours round
 They jeer me air an late.
 But let them, &c.

This song is ascribed to a James Carnegie, Esq. of Balnamoon, a beautiful estate near Brechin ; but with what certainty I know not. Honest Davie Herd was the first who brought it before the public, in his two valuable volumes of Scottish Song ; and old part of the song at least must be ; for it is mentioned in the "Complaynt of Scotland." It was the custom of old Balnamoon, a noted Jacobite, when out drinking at a friend's house, only to go home in case that he was able to sit upon his horse. If, when brought out and planted on horseback, he at once tumbled off, he remained all night where he was ; but, if he still preserved sufficient strength to enable him to sit upright, or even to hold by the mane, he trotted off. On such occasions, he was always attended by a faithful old man-servant, who rode behind him, and observed that he did not drop himself by the way. One night, as the loving pair were going home in this way, Balnamoon tumbled off into a bog, from which it required unusual efforts on the part of John to extricate him. When he was fished out, a new difficulty arose : he had lost his wig. John immediately began an elaborate search through the neighbouring quagmires for Balnamoon's wig ; and at last he was so fortunate as to find it. He instantly clapped it upon his master's head at random, and, as it afterwards appeared, with the back foremost. He was then proceeding to mount his own horse, in order to pursue his way home, when Balnamoon's voice was heard faintly to exclaim, through the dripping curls which hung round his face, "Oh ! John, man, this is surely no my wig, for it does na fit me ava." "Deil care, Bonnymoon," quo John, "Ye must just be content wi' what ye've got ; *there's nae wale o' wigs here*"—an expression which has since become proverbial in the country.

BONNY WEE THING.

Rather slow.

Bon - ny wee thing, can - ny wee thing,
 Love - ly wee thing wert thou mine,
 I would wear thee in my bo - som,
 Lest my wee thing I should tine.
 Wish - ful - ly I look and lan - guish,
 In that bon - ny face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds with an - guish,
 Lest my wee thing be nae mine.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine.
 Bonny wee thing, &c.

Burns was the author of this song, long and deservedly a popular one.

BRAW, BRAW LADS.

Moderately slow.

Braw, braw lads on Yar - row braes, Ye
 wan - der thro' the bloom - ing heath - er;
 But Yar - row braes, nor Et - trick shaws, Can
 match the lads o' Ga - la - wa - ter. * Braw, braw lads.

* This bar may be omitted.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Gallawater.

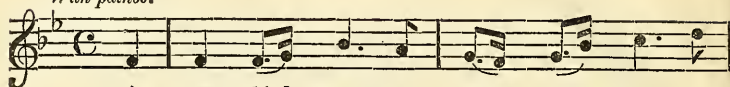
Although his daddie was nae laird,
 And though I haena meikle tocher;
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Gallawater.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O, that's the chiefest world's treasure!

The principal rivers and streams in this part of the country may be said to be classic, for almost all of them have been celebrated in Scottish song. The air of this song is exquisitely beautiful, and very old, as were the original words, which begun thus:

"Braw, braw lads of Gallawater,
 Braw, braw lads of Gallawater,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love thro' the water."

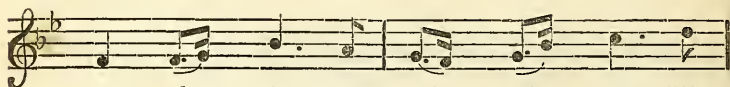
WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

With pathos.

A wee bird came to our ha' door, He



war - bled sweet and clear - ly; And



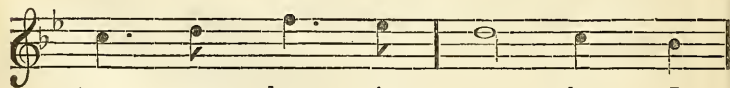
aye the o'er - come o' his sang, Was



“Wae's me for Prince Char - lie!” Oh!



when I heard the bon - ny, bon - ny bird, The



tears came drap - ping rare - ly; I



took my bon - net aff my head, For



weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
 Is that a tale ye borrow?
 Or is't some words ye've learnt by rote,
 Or a lilt o' dool and sorrow?"
 "Oh! no, no, no!" the wee bird sang,
 "I've flown sin' morning early;
 But sic a day o' wind and rain!—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

On hills, that are by right his ain,
 He roams a lonely stranger;
 On ilka hand he's press'd by want,
 On ilka side by danger.
 Yestreen I met him in the glen,
 My heart near bursted fairly;
 For sadly chang'd indeed was he—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

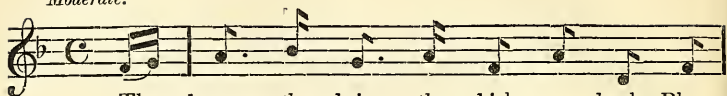
Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd
 Out owre the hills and valleys;
 And whare was't that your Prince lay down,
 Whase hame should be a palace?
 He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
 Which cover'd him but sparely,
 And slept beneath a bush o' broom—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
 And he shook his wings wi' anger:
 "O, this is no a land for me,
 I'll tarry here nae langer."
 A while he hover'd on the wing,
 Ere he departed fairly;
 But weel I mind the farewell strain,
 'Twas "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

This pathetic and beautiful Jacobite song is the composition of the late William Glen,
 of Glasgow, the original MS. of which I have seen. Those who have read the wander-
 ings of Prince Charles Stuart after the battle of Culloden, will feel a difficulty in sup-
 pressing their tears or singing with the poet, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

BONNY WOOD OF CRAIGIELEE.

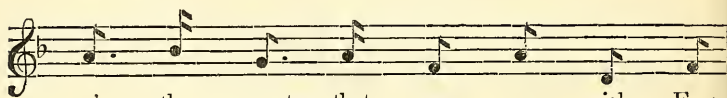
Moderate.



The broom, the brier, the birk - en bush, Bloom



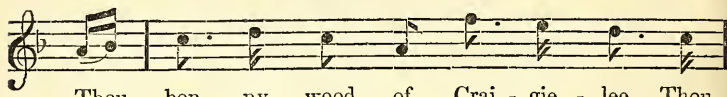
bon - ny o'er thy flow' - ry lea; And



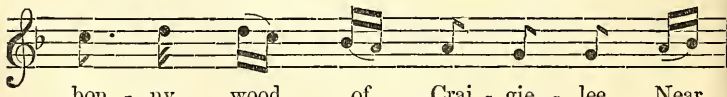
a' the sweets that aye can wish, Frae



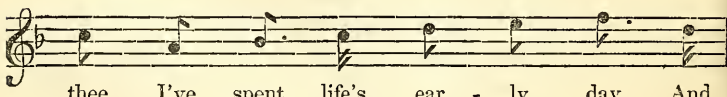
na - ture's hand are strewed on thee.



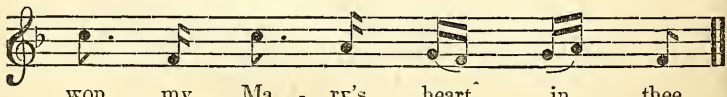
Thou bon - ny wood of Crai - gie - lee, Thou



bon - ny wood of Crai - gie - lee, Near



thee I've spent life's ear - ly day, And



won my Ma - ry's heart in thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
 The cushat croodles am'rously ;
 The mavis down thy bughted glade,
 Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

Awa' ye thoughtless murd'ring gang,
 Wha tear the nestlings ere they flee :
 They'll sing you yet a canty sang,
 Then, O, in pity, let them be !
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

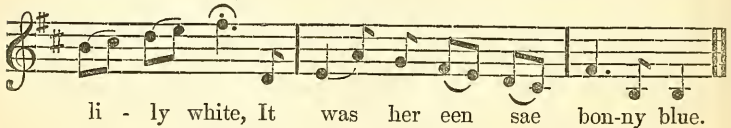
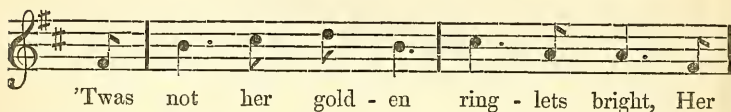
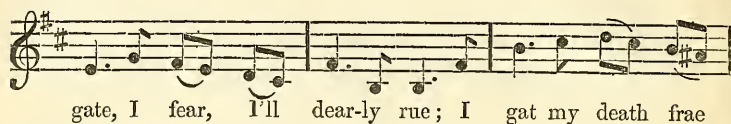
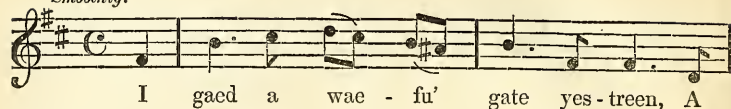
When winter blows in sleety show'rs,
 Frae aff the norlan' hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonny bow'rs,
 As laith to harm a flow'r in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

Though Fate should drag me south the line,
 Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
 The happy hours I'll ever min',
 That I in youth hae spent in thee.
 Thou bonny wood, &c.

The author of this song was the unfortunate Robert Tannahill. The music was composed by "Blythe Jamie Barr frae St. Barchan's town." It does its author great credit. It is a very pleasing and natural melody, and has become deservedly a great favourite. It possesses considerable merit. One of its stanzas is particularly beautiful :

While winter blows in sleety showers,
 Frae aff the norlan' hills sae hie,
 He lightly skiffs thy bonny bowers,
 As laith to harm a flower in thee.

I GAED A WAEFU' GATE YESTREEN.

Smoothly.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wil'd,
 She charm'd my soul I wistna how;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Came frae her een sae bonny blue.
 But spare I'd speak, and spare I'd speed,
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow;
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonny blue.

This is one of Burns's sweet little songs, composed in honour of one of the Lochmaben beauties, of the name of Miss Jeffrey, who, to augment her fortune, went to New York in North America.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE.

Same air as "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen."

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
 My only jo and dearie, O ;
 Thy neck is like the siller dew,
 Upon the banks sae brierie, O ;
 Thy teeth are o' the ivorie,
 O, sweet's the twinkle o' thine e'e !
 Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

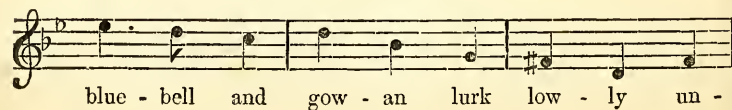
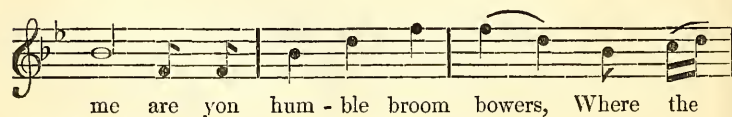
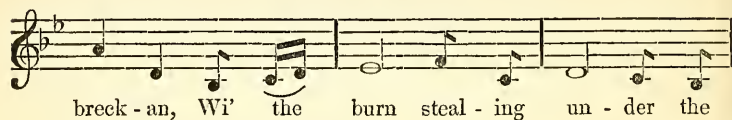
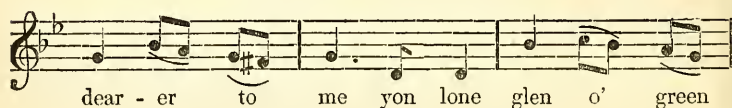
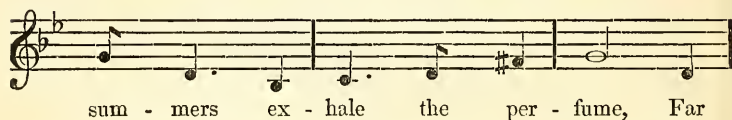
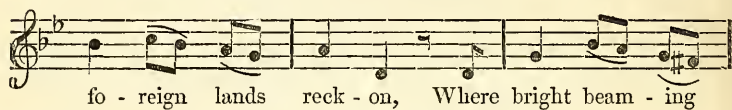
The birdie sings upon the thorn
 It's sang o' joy fu' cheerie, O ;
 Rejoicing in the summer morn,
 Nae care to make it eerie, O ;
 But little kens the sangster sweet
 Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
 That gar my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
 Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O ;
 Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
 And round about the thorny tree,
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O ;
 I wish thou wert for ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me, O ;
 Then I wad daut thee night and day,
 Nor ither warldly care wad hae,
 Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

This beautiful love song was long ascribed to the Ayrshire bard. Its sweetness and simplicity, particularly the last stanza, are quite in accordance with many of his best songs. The real author was Richard Gall, a printer, of Edinburgh.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

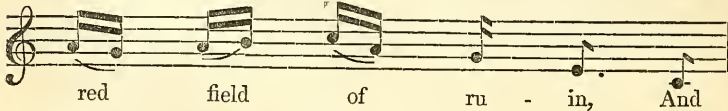
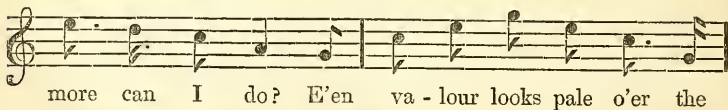
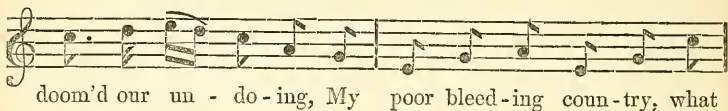
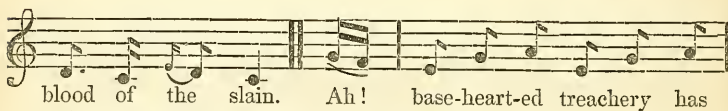
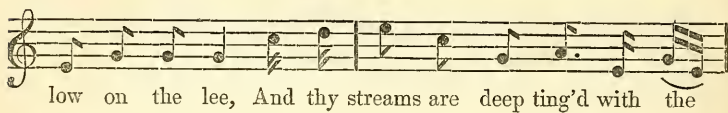
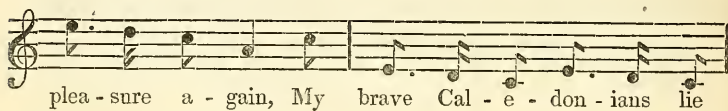
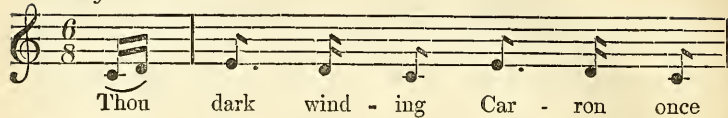
With expression.



Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And could Caledonia's blast on the wave;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they? The haunt of the tyrant and slave!
 The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
 He wanders as free as the winds on his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

This song Burns wrote in honour of his country and his Jean (Mrs. Burns), to the old Irish air of the "Humours of Glen," of which he was very fond. The old words are rather of an indelicate cast.

THOU DARK WINDING CARRON.

Slowly.

Farewell! ye dear partners of peril, farewell!
 Tho' buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave;
 Your deeds shall enoble the place where ye fell,
 And your names be enroll'd with the sons of the brave.
 But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
 Perhaps like a traitor ignobly must die!
 On thy wrongs, O, my country! indignant, I ponder—
 Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!

This lament of the great Scottish Patriot, Sir William Wallace, is the composition of Robert Tannahill. The following notice of this song occurs in a letter from Tannahill to one of his particular friends, for whom, it seems, he had written other verses, to accompany the same beautiful and plaintive air, but which not altogether pleasing himself, he had substituted the above: "According to promise," says he, "I send you two verses for the '*Maids of Arrochar*.' Perhaps they are little better than the last. I believe the language is too weak for the subject: however, they possess the advantage over the others of being founded on a real occurrence. The battle of Falkirk was Wallace's last, in which he was defeated with the loss of almost his whole army. I am sensible that, to give words suitable to the poignancy of his grief, on such a trying reverse of fortune, would require all the fire and soul-melting energy of a Campbell or a Burns."

The modest terms in which our amiable author speaks of his verses quite blunt the edge of criticism, and fully compensate for any lack of that deep and powerful feeling, that vigour and grandeur of conception, which the loftiness of his theme required. Be it remembered, that it was no less than the anguish of a fearless and unshaken patriot, bewailing the ruins of his native land, and breathing revenge against the insulting and cruel invader, which the poet wished to express; that it was no less than all the noble workings of passion in the bosom of the unsubdued, incorruptible, heroic, and godlike Wallace, which the poet attempted to embody in words. It was no common strain he chose, and it required no common power of execution to perform it well. We do not mean to say that these are the very best verses which could have been written on such a subject: we only rejoice that they are so excellent as they are, and will have the effect, though it should be in never so partial a degree, of preserving and extending the glory of our national champion. The battle of Falkirk, in its consequences so fatal to the Scots, was fought on the 22nd of July, 1408. It was obstinately contested for a long time; but the superiority of the English, in the number of their cavalry, decided the day. Some historians allege, that this defeat happened in consequence of the little piques and jealousies which at the time subsisted amongst the leaders of the Scottish army; but this is merely conjectural. The English authors are unanimous in their praises of the firmness and courage displayed by their enemies on that occasion. Langtoft gives a curious description of the mode in which the Scottish phalanx sustained the onset.

"Ther formast Corsey, ther bakkis togedere sette,
 Ther speres poynt over poynt, so fare and so thikke,
 And fast togidere joynt to se it was ferlike
 Als a castelle thei stode that were walled with stone,
 Their wende ne man of blode thorgh them suld haif gone."

The life of Wallace is minutely detailed in the metrical work of Henry the Minstrel, better known by the name of Blind Harry, which, with all its chronological inaccuracies and romantic fictions, must still be considered as forming a part of authentic history.

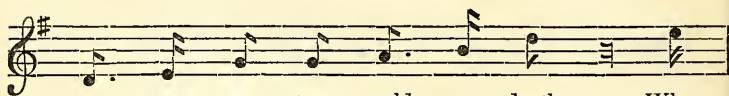
WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

With feeling.

What ails this heart o' mine? What



means this wa - t'ry ee? What



gars me aye turn could as death, Whan



I take leave o' thee? When



thou art far a - wa, Thou'lt



dear - er be to me; But



change o' folk', and change o' place, May



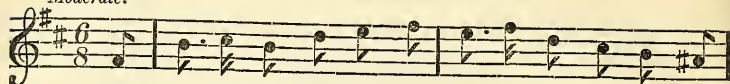
gar thy fan - cy jee.

Then I'll sit down and moan,
 Just by yon spreading tree ;
 And gin a leaf fa' in my lap,
 I'll ca't a word frae thee.
 Syne I'll gang to the bow'r,
 Which thou wi' roses tied,
 'Twas there, by many a blushing bud,
 I strove my love to hide.

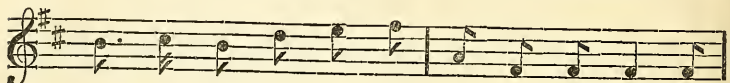
I'll doat on ilka spot,
 Whare I hae been wi' thee ;
 I'll ca' to mind some fond love-tale,
 By every burn and tree.
 'Tis hope that cheers the mind,
 Though lovers absent be ;
 And when I think I see thee still,
 I'll think I'm still with thee.

This love-lorn song was written by a Miss Blamire, who, no doubt, wrote as she felt, and thereby published her own feelings and sentiments.

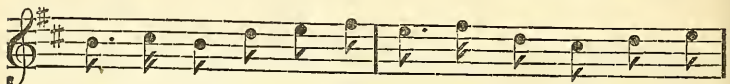
WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE.

Moderate.

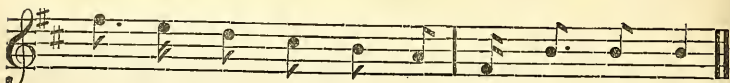
What can a young las-sie, What shall a young las-sie, What



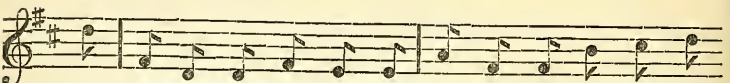
can a young las - sie Do wi' an auld man? Bad



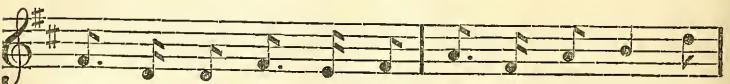
luck on the pen-ny That tempt-ed my Min - ny To



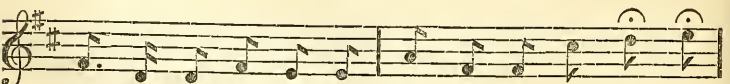
sell her poor Jen - ny For sil - ler and lan'!



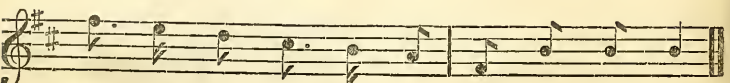
He's al-ways com-pleen-ing, Frae morn-in' to e'en-in', He



hoasts an' he hir - ples The wea - ry day lang. He's



doil't and he's do - zin, His bluid it is fro - zen; O,



drea - rie's the night Wi' a cra - zy auld man.

He hums and he hankers,
 He frets and he cankers ;
 I never can please him,
 Do a' that I can.
 He's peevish and jealous
 Of a' the young fellows ;
 O, dool on the day
 I met wi' an auld man.

My auld auntie Katie
 Upon me takes pity ;
 I'll do my endeavour
 To follow her plan.
 I'll cross him, and wreck him,
 Until I heart-break him,
 And then his auld brass
 Will buy me a new pan.

This song, by Burns, is founded on one of older date, which brings to recollection several of a similar tendency, which cannot now be laid before the British fair. The plan the young lady seems to have adopted to get rid of her blood-frozen husband, will, by perseverance, prove effectual.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Lively.

My love she's but a las - sie yet, My
 love she's but a las - sie yet, I'll let her stand a
 year or twa, She'll no be half sae sau - cy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O, I
 rue the day I sought her, O; Wha gets her need-na
 say he's woo'd, But he may say he's bought her, O.

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Gae, seek for pleasure where ye will;
 But here I never miss'd it yet.

We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 And cou'dna preach for thinking o't.

In this humorous song, composed of the two leading features of man's life, love and drink, they are characteristically portrayed, and the preference given to the passion of love.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

Pathetically.

Gin liv - ing worth could win my heart, You
 wou'd-na speak in vain; But in the darksome
 grave it's laid, Ne - ver to rise a - gain.
 My wae - fu' heart lies low wi' his, Whose
 heart was on - ly mine; And, oh! what a heart was
 that to lose; But I maun ne'er re - pine.

Yet, oh! gin heaven in mercy soon
 Won'd grant the boon I crave,
 And tak' this life, now naething worth,
 Sin' Jamie's in his grave.
 And see his gentle spirit comes
 To shew me on my way;
 Surpris'd, nae doubt, I still am here,
 Sair wond'ring at my stay.

"I come, I come, my Jamie dear,
 And, oh! wi' what gude-will
 I follow, wharsoe'er ye lead!
 Ye canna lead to ill."
 She said, and soon a deadly pale
 Her faded cheek possess't;
 Her wae fu' heart forgot to beat,
 Her sorrow sunk to rest.

We have been unable to trace any thing more of this excellent song than the author's name, which is Jeanie Ferguson.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER.

Lively.

Last May a braw woo - er cam
 down the lang glen, And
 sair wi' his love he did
 deave me; I said there was nae - thing I
 ha - ted like men, The
 deuce gae wi' him to be -
 lieve me, be - lieve me, The
 deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me.

He spake o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying
 I said, he might die when he liked for Jean:
 But Gude forgie me for lying, for lying,
 But Gude forgie me for lying.

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers ;
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less—
 The deil tak' his taste to gae near her !
 He's up the Gateslack to my black cousin Bess,
 Guess ye how, the jaud ! I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye how, the jaud ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock ;
 And wha but my fine fickle wooer was there !
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

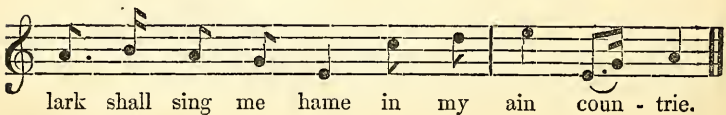
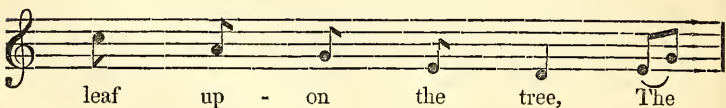
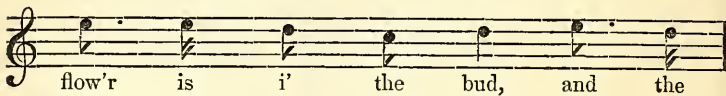
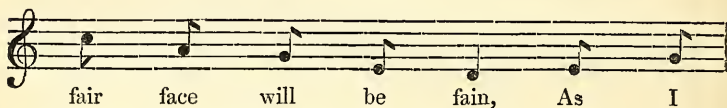
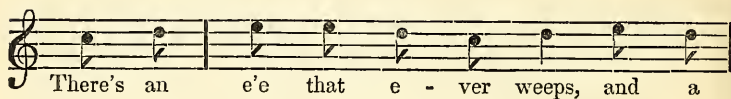
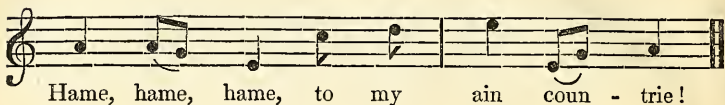
But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
 Lest neighbors might say I was saucy ;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speer'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin ;
 And how my auld shoon fitted her shauchled feet—
 Gude save us ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
 Gude save us ! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake ! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow ;
 So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

This song, by Burns, is founded on the old one named "The Queen of the Lothians came cruising to Fife." It possesses a good deal of dry humour, disappointment, and satire, particularly towards her black cousin Bess with the shauchled feet. It is a well-drawn picture of the conduct of many ladies of the present day, who have as much need as Miss Jean of praying to Gude to "forgie them for lying."

HAME, HAME, HAME.

Slowly.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !
 The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
 The bonny white rose it is withering an' a' ;
 But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
 An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.

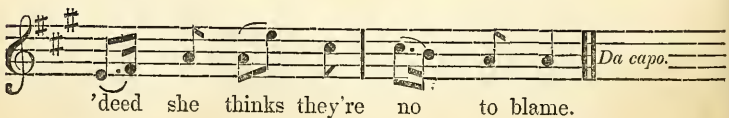
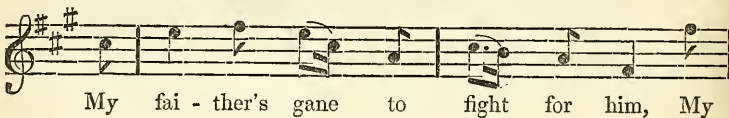
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !
 There's nought now frae ruin my countrie can save,
 But the keys of kind heaven to open the grave,
 That a' the noble martyrs, wha died for loyalty,
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
 O, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !
 The great now are gane, a' who ventur'd to save,
 The new grass is grown aboon their bloody grave ;
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blythe in my c'e--
 " I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."

This Jacobite song is very descriptive of a Scottish exile, and ascribed by Hogg to Allan Cunningham ; but with what certainty it is not known. Sir Walter Scott mentions it in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel." In listening to the music, feelingly and expressively executed, methinks one could almost mark each note as a heart-wrung sigh from the home-sick exile, and borne across the blue waves that rolled between him and his native land.



HE'S OWRE THE HILLS.

Slowly.

The Whigs may scoff, and the Whigs may jeer,
 But, ah! that love maun be sincere,
 Which still keeps true whate'er betide,
 An' for his sake leaves a' beside.

He's owre the hills, &c.

His right these hills, his right these plains,
 O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;
 What lads e'er did, our laddies will do,
 Were I a laddie I'd follow him too.

He's owre the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look, sae princely an air,
 Sae gallant and bold, sae young and sae fair;
 Oh! did ye but see him, ye'd do as we've done,
 Hear him but ance, to his standard you'll run.

He's owre the hills, &c.

Then draw the claymore for Charlie, then fight
 For your country, religion, and a' that is right;
 Were ten thousand lives now given to me,
 I'd die as aft for ane o' the three!

He's owre the hills, &c.

To whom we are indebted for this pretty Jacobite song none can tell, as most of these pieces were written under the rose. Prince Charles Stuart supplied many a Scottish bard with a subject for his muse, either in his own person or that of his followers.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLAW.

Moderate time.

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw, I

dear - ly like the west, For

there the bon - ny las - sie lives, The

las - sie I lo'e best. There

wild woods grow and ri - vers row, And

mony - a hill be - tween; But

day and night my fan - cy's flight Is

e - - ver wi' my Jean; I

see her in the dewy flow - ers, I

see her sweet and fair, I

hear her in the tune - fu' birds, I

hear her charm the air : There's

not a bon - ny flower that springs By

foun - tain, shaw, or green, There's

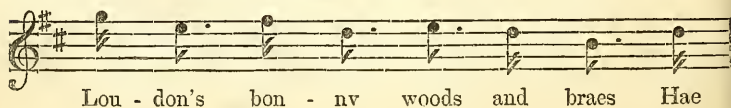
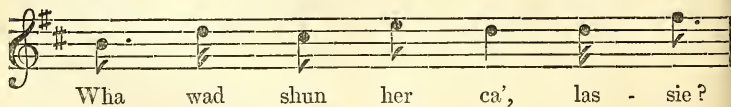
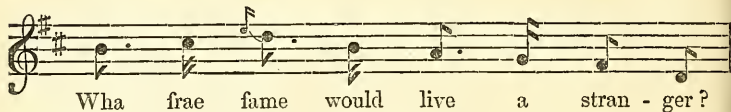
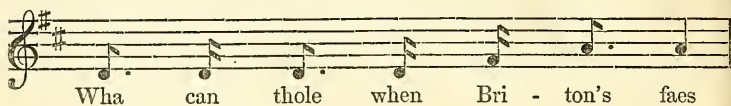
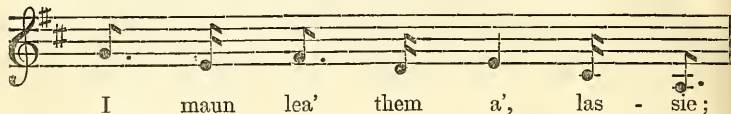
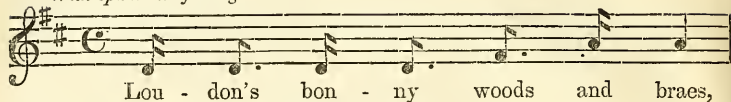
not a bon - ny bird that sings But

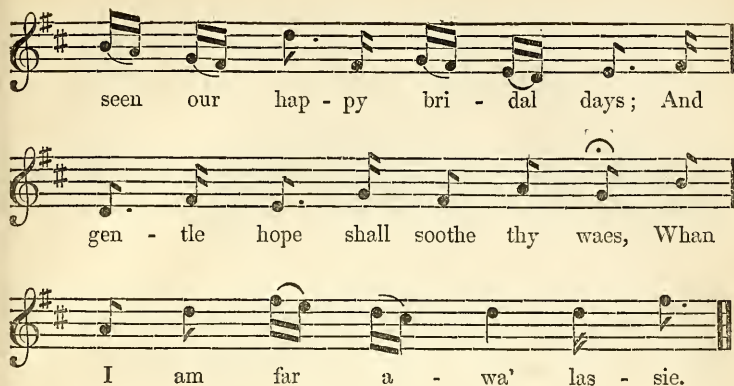
minds me o' my Jean.

This song was written out of compliment to Jean Armour, afterwards Mrs. Burns, by her husband, during the courting-days. In some editions of this song there are four stanzas instead of the two given here; but as the two additional are spurious, they are withheld. It was composed to the beautiful air of Miss Admiral Gordon by Marshal, butler to the Duke of Gordon.

LOUDON'S BONNY WOODS AND BRAES.

With spirit and feeling.





(Softer and slower.)

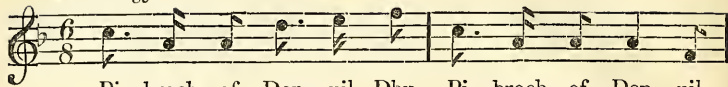
Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
Yielding joy to thee, laddie;
But the doleful bugle brings
Waefu' thoughts to me, laddie.
Lanely I maun climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin',
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
On the gory field of war,
Where vengeance drives her crimson car,
Thou'lt may be fa', frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

(With spirit.)

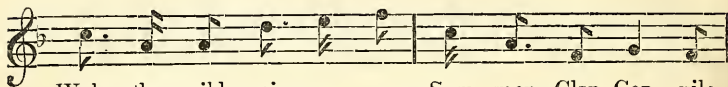
O, resume thy wonted smile,
O, suppress thy fears, lassie;
Glorious honour crowns the toil,
That the soldier shares, lassie.
Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
Till the vengeful strife is over;
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever,
Till the day we die, lassie.
Midst our bonny woods and braes,
We'll spend our peaceful, happy days,
As blythe's yon lightsome lamb that plays
On Loudon's flow'ry lea, lassie.

The Earl and Countess of Moira (afterwards Marquis and Marchioness of Hastings) are the hero and heroine of this pastoral song by Robert Tannahill. The air, which has always been a great favourite, was composed by a Mr. Mc Intyre. The last part was added, with other variations, by Nathaniel Gow.

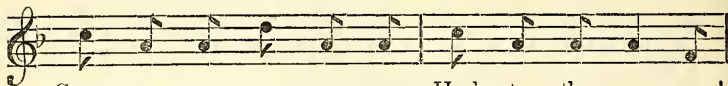
PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

With energy.

Pi - broch of Don - uil Dhu. Pi - broch of Don - uil,



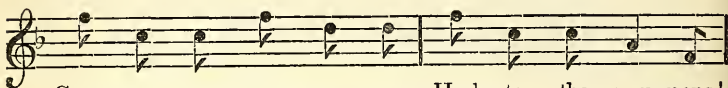
Wake thy wild voice a - new, Sum - mon Clan Con - uil:



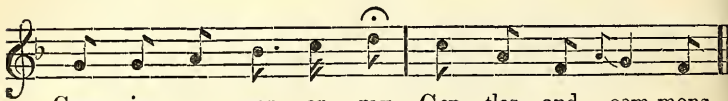
Come a - way, come a - way, Hark to the sum-mons!



Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and com-mons.



Come a - way, come a - way, Hark to the sum-mons!



Come in your war ar - ray, Gen - tles and com-mons.

Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain sae rocky,
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlocky :
 Come every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one,
 Come every steel blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
 The flock without shelter ;
 Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
 The bride at the altar :
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave nets and barges ;
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broad-swords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended ;
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded :
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster and faster ;
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,
 See, how they gather !
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set !
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
 Knell for the onset

This Highland war-song is the composition of the late Sir Walter Scott, who was well acquainted with the gathering of the clans. Connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to distinguish, in a well composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "*current of a heady fight*." To this opinion Dr. Beattie has given his suffrage in the following elegant passage:—"A pibroch is a species of tune peculiar, I think, to the Highlands and western isles of Scotland. It is performed on the bagpipe, and differs totally from all other music. Its rhythm is so irregular, and its notes, especially in the quick movement, so mixed and huddled together, that a stranger finds it impossible to reconcile his ear to it, so as to perceive its modulation. Some of these pibrochs, being intended to represent a battle, begin with a grave motion, resembling a march, then gradually quicken into the onset, run off with noisy confusion and turbulent rapidity to imitate the conflict and pursuit, then swell into a few flourishes of triumphant joy, and perhaps close with the wild and slow wailings of a funeral procession."

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

Expression suited to each verse.

In win - ter when the rain rain'd cauld, And
frost and snaw on il - ka hill, And
Bo - reas, with his blast sae bauld, Was
threaten - ing a' our kye to kill: Then
Bell, my wife, wha loves nae strife, She
said to me right has - ti - ly, Get
up, good - man, save Cro - mie's life, And
tak' your auld cloak a - bout ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kin';
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she shou'd tyne.
Get up, gudeman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Sae tak ye're auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was ance a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,
 For I hae worn't this thirty year.
 Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, for I hae sworn
 To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when gude King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half-a-crown;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief an' loon.
 He was the King that wore the crown,
 And thou'rt a man o' low degree;
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak ye're auld cloak about ye.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its ain hool;
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule.
 Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurklin in the ase?
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat 'tis thirty years
 Sin' we did ane anither ken;
 And we hae had atween us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten.
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if ye prove a good husband,
 E'en tak yere auld cloak about ye.

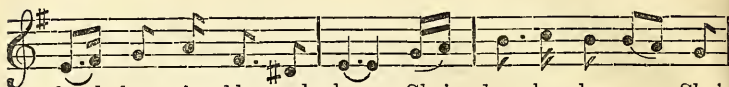
Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life
 I aft maun yield tho' I'm gudeman.
 Nought's to be won at women's hand,
 Unless ye gie them a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

This excellent Scottish song is as old as the days of Shakespeare, who has quoted one of the verses in the drinking scene of *Othello*. It was first published in an entire form by Allan Ramsay in 1724, and since by Bishop Percy in a new garb, having found, as he says, an additional stanza more of an English caste than those preserved in the "Teatable Miscellany."

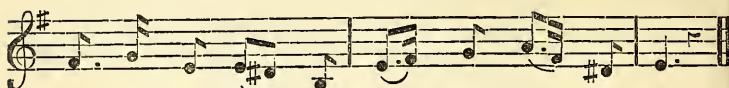
SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Rather slow.

She's fair and fause that caus - es my smart, I



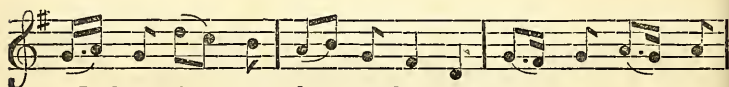
lo'ed her mic - kle and lang; She's bro - ken her vow, She's



bro - ken my heart, and I may e'en go hang.



A coof came in wi' routh o' gear, And



I hae tint my dear - est dear; But wo - man is but



world's gear, Sae let the bon - nie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind.
 O woman, lovely woman fair!
 An angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to've gien thee mai:
 I mean an angel-mind.

This is one of Burns's happiest lyrics, although flattery and satire go hand in hand, Burns often advocated the cause of his friends, as in this instance, in consequence of : Miss Stuart having jilted her sweetheart, his friend. Than the concluding stanza, more poignant satire can scarcely be conceived.

I HAE LAID A HERRING IN SAUT.

Sprightly.

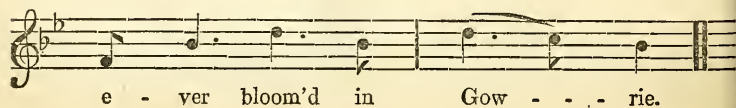
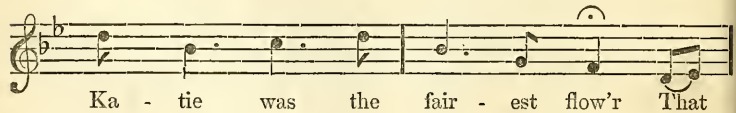
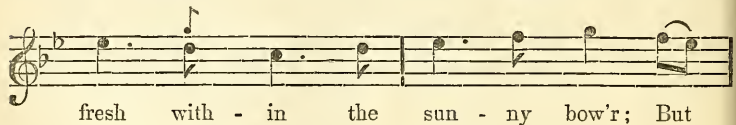
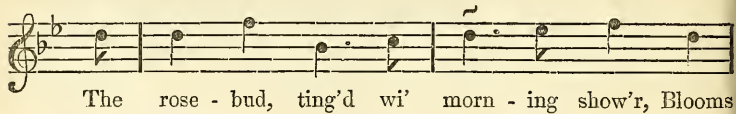
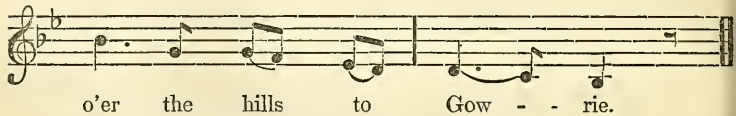
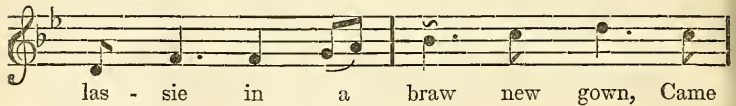
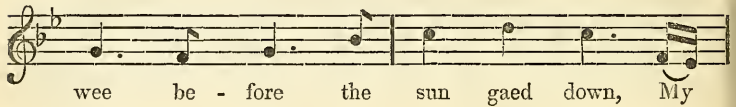
The musical score is written on a single staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of eight measures. The melody is simple and rhythmic, with a tempo marking of 'Sprightly.' The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

I hae laid a her - ring in saut, Lass, gin ye lo'e me,
 tell me noo. I hae brew'd a for - pet o' maut, An I
 can-na come il - ka day to woo; I hae a calf will
 soon be a cow, Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo.
 I hae a pig will soon be a sow, An I
 can - na come il - ka day to woo.

I hae a house on yonder muir,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 Three sparrows may dance on the floor,
 An I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I hae a but, and I hae a ben,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tak me noo;
 I hae three chickens and a fat hen,
 An I canna come ony mair to woo.
 I hae a hen wi' a happity leg,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 An ilka day it lays me an egg,
 An I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I hae a kebbock upon my shelf,
 Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
 I downa eat it a' myself,
 An I winna come ony mair to woo.

This is a picture of ancient wooing. To prevent after mistakes, and to secure a ready and willing offer, the suitor at once presents his wished-for bride with a catalogue of his goods, gear, and chattels, as a sure passport to her heart, and perhaps thinks, although not expressed, "that she may tak a waur offer."

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

Rather lively.

Nae thought had I to do her wrang ;
 But round her waist my arms I flang,
 And said, my dearie, will ye gang
 To see the Carse of Gowrie ?
 I'll take ye to my father's ha',
 In yon green fields beside the shaw ;
 I'll make you lady of them a',
 The brawest wife in Gowrie.

A silken gown of siller gray,
 My mither coft last New-year's Day,
 And buskit me frae tap to tae,
 To keep me out of Gowrie.
 Daft Will, short syne, came courting Nell,
 And won the lass ; but what befel,
 Or whare she's gane, she kens hersel—
 She staid na lang in Gowrie.

Sic thoughts, dear Katie, ill combine
 Wi' beauty rare and wit like thine ;
 Except yoursel, my bonny queen,
 I care for nought in Gowrie.
 Since first I saw you in the sheal,
 To you my heart's been true and leal ;
 The darkest night I fear nae diel,
 Warlock, or witch, in Gowrie.

Saft kisses on her lips I laid,
 The blush upon her cheek soon spread ;
 Then whisper'd modestly, and said,
 O, Kate, I'll stay in Gowrie !
 The auld folks soon gae their consent ;
 Syne for Mess John they quickly sent,
 Wha tied them to their heart's content,
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.

The Carse of Gowrie lies between Perth and Dundee, one of the most fertile spots in Scotland. The air to which the words are sung is "Loch Errochside;" but the author's name is unknown.

BONNY JEAN.

Moderate.

There was a lass and she was fair, At
 kirk and mar - ket to be seen! When
 a' the fair - est maids were met, The
 fair - est maid was bon - ny Jean. And
 aye she wrought her mam - my's work, And
 aye she sang sae mer - ri - lie: The
 blyth - est bird up - on the bush Had
 ne'er a light - er heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
 That bless the little lintwhite's nest,
 And frost will blight the fairest flower,
 And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
 The flower and pride of a' the glen;
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
 And wanton naggies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryst,
 He danced wi' Jeanie on the down,
 And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
 Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.
 As in the bosom of the stream
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
 So trembling, pure, was tender love
 Within the breast o' bonny Jean.

And now she works her mammy's work,
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
 Yet wistna what her ail might be,
 Or what wad make her weel again.
 But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And didna joy blink in her ee,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love
 Ae e'enin on the lily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove,
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love.
 O Jeanie fair, I love thee dear!
 O, canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammy's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

At barn nor byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee,
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.
 Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She hadna will to say him na;
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

The artless manner in which the portraits of the two lovers are drawn is quite becoming, and not overstrained. There is a natural and sweet simplicity in the whole.

THE BRAES OF BALQUITHER.

Sprightly.

Let us go, lassie, go, To the
 braes of Balquither, Where the
 blae - ber - ries grow, 'Mang the
 bon - ny High - land hea - ther!
 Where the deer and the rae, Light - ly
 bound - ing to - ge - ther, Sport the
 lang sim - mer day, On the
 braes of Balquither. *Da Capo.*

I will twine thee a bow'r,
 By the clear siller fountain,
 And I'll cover it o'er
 Wi' the flow'rs of the mountain;
 I will range through the wilds
 And the deep glens sae drearie,
 And return wi' the spoils
 To the bow'r o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
 Idly raves round our dwelling,
 And the roar of the linn
 On the night breeze is swelling;
 So merrily we'll sing,
 As the storm rattles o'er us,
 Till the dear shieling ring
 Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer is in prime,
 Wi' the flow'rs richly blooming,
 And the wild mountain thyme
 A' the moorlands perfuming;
 To our dear native scenes
 Let us journey together,
 Where glad innocence reigns
 'Mang the braes o' Balquither.

This favourite pastoral song is the composition of the late unfortunate Robert Tannahill, whose songs have ever met with a ready welcome from the admirers of Scottish minstrelsy.

ETTRICK BANKS.

Smoothly.

On Et-trick's banks, in ae sum - mer's night, At
 gloam - ing, when the sheep drave hame, I
 met my las - sie braw and tight, Came
 wad - ing, bare - foot, a her lane; My
 heart grew light, I ran, I flang My
 arms a - bout her li - - ly neck, And
 kiss'd and clapp'd her there fu' lang: My
p words they were - na mo - ny feek.

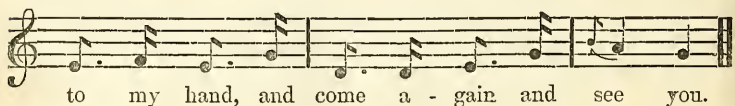
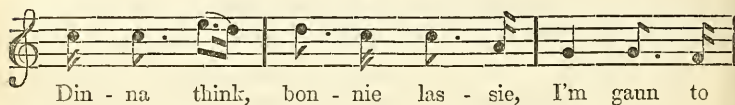
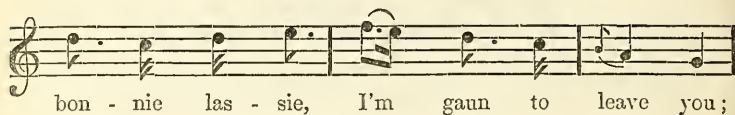
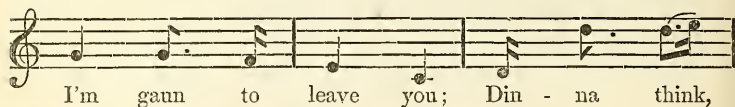
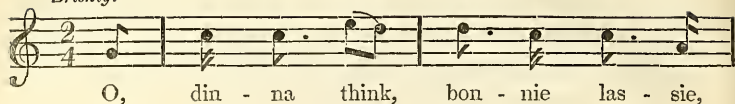
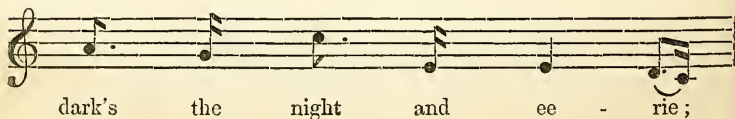
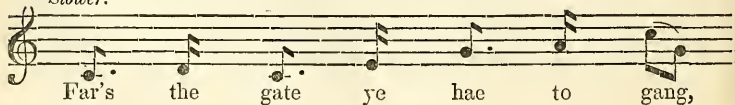
I said, my lassie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills the Erse to learn ?
 I'll gie thee baith a cow and ewe,
 When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomie Law ;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win ye never saw.

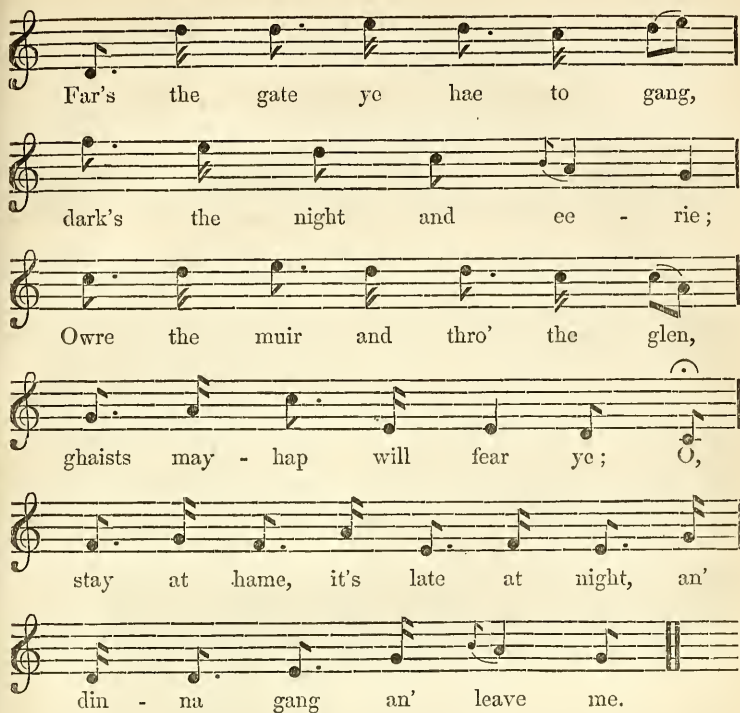
All day, when we hae wrought enough,
 When winter, frost, and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun goes west the loch,
 At night, when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring ;
 And thus the weary night will en',
 Till the tender bird and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka fiel',
 I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
 And lead you to my summer shiel.
 Then far from a' the scornfu' din,
 That makes the kindly hearts their sport,
 Will laugh, and kiss, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.

The world is indebted for the preservation of this beautiful old song to Allan Ramsay, along with many others of a like description. The author seems to have been much better acquainted with pastoral life than Tannahill, who wrote the foregoing one. His picture of domestic felicity is truly grand ; but few arrive at such perfection.

O, DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

Briskly.*Slower.*



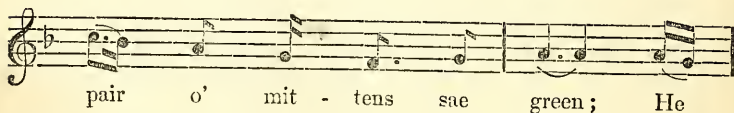
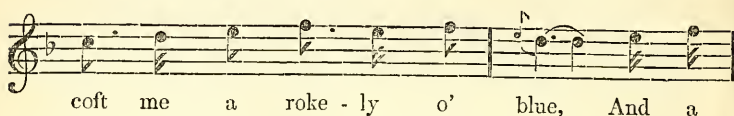
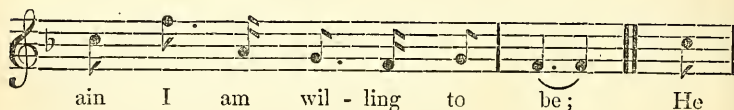
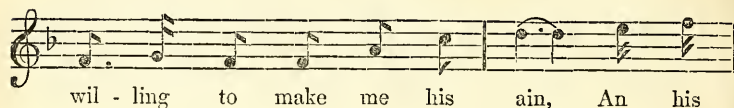
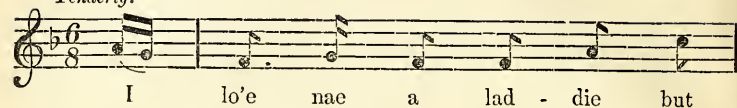
It's but a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 But a night an' ha'f a day that I'll leave my dearie;
 When the sun gae west the loch, I'll come again an' see thee.

Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 Waves are rising o'er the sea, winds blaw loud an' fear me;
 While the waves and winds do roar, I am wae and dreary;
 An' gin ye loe me as ye say, ye winna gang an' leave me.

O, dinna think, bonny lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonny lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 Dinna think, bonny lassie, I'm gaun to leave you;
 For let the warld gae as it will, I'll come again and see you.

The struggles between these parting lovers are well told by that excellent poet, Hector Macneil. The ghosts and storms which are conjured up by the fair one to prevent her lover from leaving, though they seem to make no impression upon his frozen heart, are told with that arch simplicity, that make-believe anxiety about the object, which ladies know so well how to bring into play when wishing to gain a point.

I LO'E NA A LADDIE BUT ANE.

Tenderly.

Let others brag well o' their gear,
 Their land, and their lordlie degree,
 I carena for ought but my dear,
 For he's ilka thing lordlie to me :
 His words mair than sugar are sweet,
 His sense drives ilka fear far awa ;
 I listen, poor fool, and I greet,
 Yet how sweet are the tears as they fa !

" Dear lassie," he cries, wi' a jeer,
 " Ne'er heed what the auld anes will say ;
 Though we've little to brag o', ne'er fear,
 What's gowd to the heart that is wae ?
 Our laird has baith honours and wealth,
 Yet, see ! how he's dwining wi' care ;
 Now we, though we've naithing but health,
 Are cantie and leal evermair.

O Marie ! the heart that is true
 Has something mair costly than gear ;
 Ilk e'en it has naething to rue,
 Ilk morn it has naething to fear.
 Ye warldlings, gae hord up your store,
 And tremble for fear aught ye tyne ;
 Guard your treasures wi' lock, bar, and door,
 True love is the guardian of mine."

A great part of this song is borrowed from one by Robert Ferguson ; for particulars of which, see his poetical works. There is something in the words of this song which always struck us as being irresistibly pleasing : they breathe the very soul of devoted affection, and are allied to one of our finest plaintive airs.

The Scots have often been accused of claiming the Irish music as their own ; and, though we wish to act fairly by them, we cannot but doubt the exclusive right which, in many instances, has been asserted in favour of the sister country. Burns says, " The wandering minstrel harpers and pipers used to go frequently enough through the wilds of Scotland and Ireland, and so some favourite airs might be common to both." From this intercourse, the itinerant minstrels of either country might widely disseminate these tunes, and each nation might gradually mould them to its own peculiar character. Of this, many instances, we think, may be traced. The air adapted to Burns's song, "*The gloomy night is gathering fast*," says Smith, " which we carefully noted from the singing of an aged Highland woman several years ago, is very like, in the second strain, to a well-known Irish tune. If it be of Irish origin, the Highlanders have altered it to their own scale ; but might not the Irish have taken the same liberty ? The similarity of " *I lo'ed ne'er a laddie but ane*" to the air "*My lodging is on the cold ground*" is striking ; and yet this air has long been considered to be in Scotland of native growth."

DONALD O' DUNDEE.

Sprightly.

Young Do - nald is the blyth - est lad, That

e'er made love to me; When -

e'er he's by, my heart is glad, He

seems so gay and free: Then

on his pipe he plays so sweet, And

in his plaid he looks so neat; It

cheers my heart at eve to meet Young

Do - nald of Dun - dee.

Whene'er I gang to yonder grove,
 Young Sandy follows me,
 And fain he wants to be my love,
 But, ah ! it canna be.
 Though mither frets both air and late
 For me to wed this youth I hate ;
 There's none need hope to gain young Kate
 But Donald of Dundee.

When last we ranged the banks of Tay,
 The ring he showed to me,
 And bade me name the bridal day,
 Then happy would he be.
 I ken the youth will aye prove kind,
 Nae mair my mither will I mind,
 Mess John to me shall quickly bind
 Young Donald of Dundee.

This young maiden, like many of her kind, thinks of nothing but marriage, and how to obtain this wished-for blessedness. She is determined to have young Donald, even at the risk of her mother's frowns, of which she seems regardless.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

Moderately slow.

O Robin is my on - ly jo, For
 Robin has the art to lo'e; So to his suit I
 mean to bow, Be - cause I ken he lo'es me. O
 hap - py, hap - py was the show'r That
 led me to his birk - en bow'r, Where first of love I
 fand the pow'r, And kenn'd that Ro - bin lo'ed me.

He's tall and sonsy, frank and free,
 He's lo'ed by a' and dear to me;
 Wi' him I'd live, wi' him I'd die,
 Because my Robin lo'es me.
 My little Mary said to me,
 Our courtship but a joke would be,
 And I ere long be made to see
 That Robin didna lo'e me.

But little kens she what has been
 Me and my honest Rob between,
 And in my wooing, O sae keen
 Kind Robin is that lo'es me.
 Then fly, ye lazy hours, away,
 And hasten on the happy day
 When, join your hands, Mess John will say,
 And make him mine that lo'es me.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

With varied expression.

On the banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, When the
sweet spring-time did fall, Was the mil - ler's love - ly
daughter, Fair-est of them all. For his bride a sol-dier
sought her, And a win-ning tongue had he. On the
banks of Al - lan Wa - ter, None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When brown autumn spread his store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her,
And the soldier false was he.
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,
When the winter snow fell fast,
Still was seen the miller's daughter,
Chilling blew the blast.
But the miller's lovely daughter,
Both from cold and care was free.
On the banks of Allan Water,
There a corpse lay she.

The beauty of the scenery on the banks of Allan Water, near Dumblane, has inspired many fine songs; but none has shared a greater popularity than the above. The poetry is by M. G. Lewis, Esq., author of "The Monk," "Castle Spectre," &c. The music is by a Lady.

THE EWE-BUGHTS.

Moderately slow.

Will ye go to the ewe - bughts,
 Ma - rion, And wear in the sheep wi'
 me ? The sun shines sweet, my
 Ma - rion, But nae half sae sweet as
 thee ! The sun shines sweet, my
 Ma - rion, But nae half sae sweet as thee !

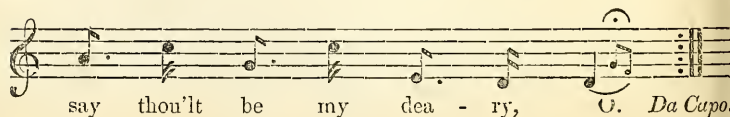
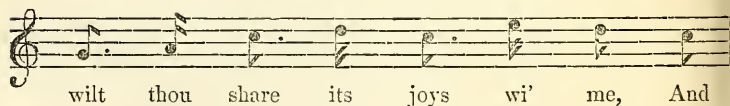
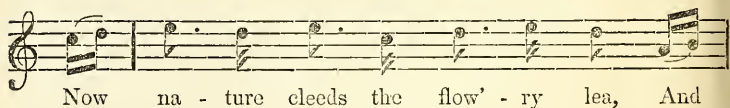
There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And silk on your white hause-bane ;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
 At e'en when I come hame.
 There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
 Wha gape, and glow'r with their eye,
 At kirk when they see my Marion ;
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion,
 A cow and a brawny quey ;
 I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal-day.
 And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waistcoat of the London brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
 Nane dances like me on the green ;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean.
 Sae put on your parlins, Marion,
 And kyrtle of the cramasie ;
 And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
 I shall come west and see ye.

This is a very old song, with additions by Allan Ramsay, and quite characteristic of the old school. The air is one of that peculiar caste which so enchants and saddens its auditors.

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Joyfully.

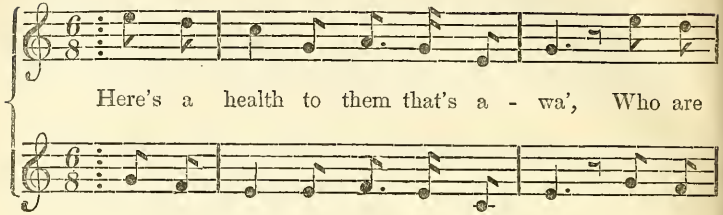
And when the welcome simmer shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry noon, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 Thro' yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

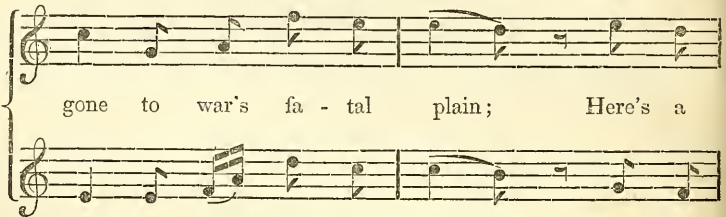
And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,
 Enclasped to my faithful breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.
 Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks?
 Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

Burns says this piece has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral: the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded. The tune, "Rothemurchie's Rant," is a splendid strathspey.

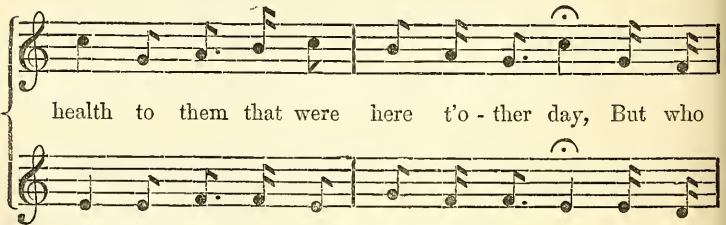
HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA'.

Slow.


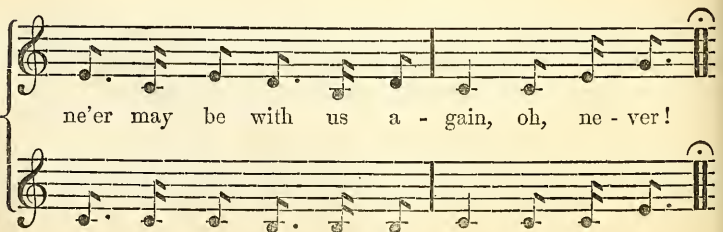
Here's a health to them that's a - wa', Who are



gone to war's fa - tal plain; Here's a



health to them that were here t'o - ther day, But who



ne'er may be with us a - gain, oh, ne - ver!

'Tis hard to be part - ed from those, With

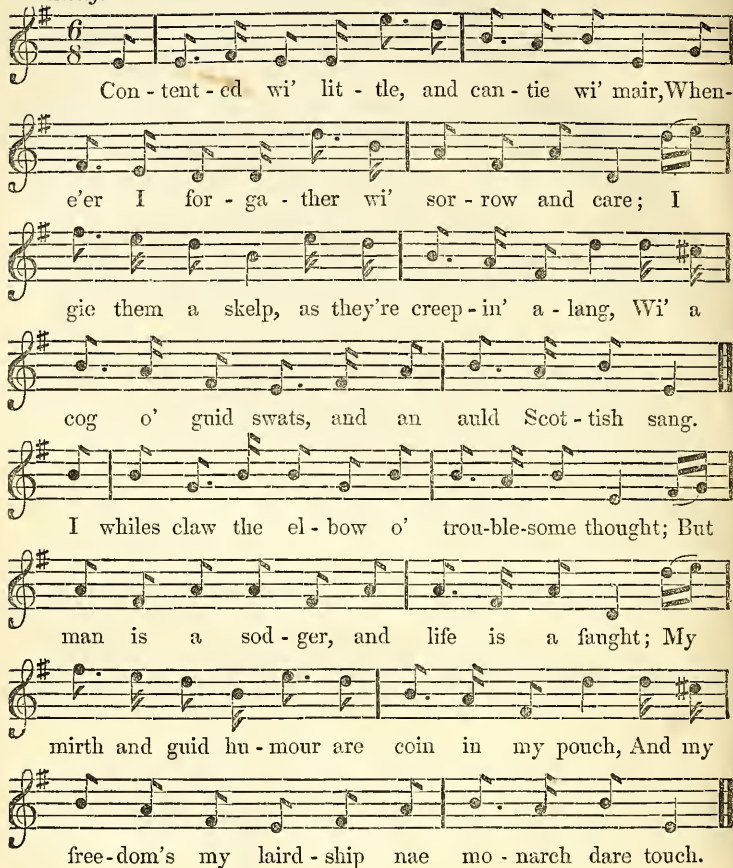
whom we for e - ver could dwell; But

bit - ter, in - deed, is the sor - row that flows, When per -

haps we are say - ing fare - well, for e - ver! *D. C.*

Tho' those whom we tenderly love,
 Our tears at this moment may claim;
 A balm to our sorrows this truth sure must prove,
 They'll live in the records of fame—for ever!

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

Lively.


Con - tent - ed wi' lit - tle, and can - tie wi' mair, When -
e'er I for - ga - ther wi' sor - row and care; I
gie them a skelp, as they're creep - in' a - lang, Wi' a
cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scot - tish sang.
I whiles claw the el - bow o' trou - ble - some thought; But
man is a sod - ger, and life is a faught; My
mirth and guid hu - mour are coin in my pouch, And my
free - dom's my laird - ship nae mo - narch dare touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' guid fellowship sowthers it a';
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?
Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae;
Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

This song was written by Burns, to the tune of "Lumps o' pudding," for George Thomson's musical work, then publishing by him.

MY RONALD WAS A GALLANT GAY.

With feeling.

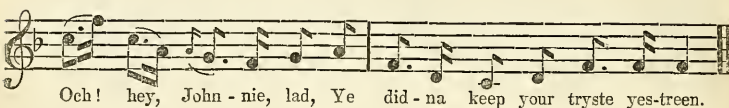
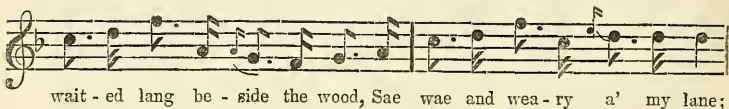
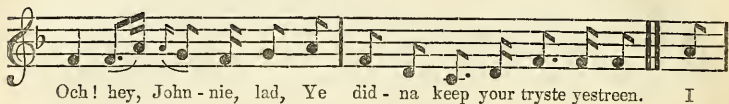
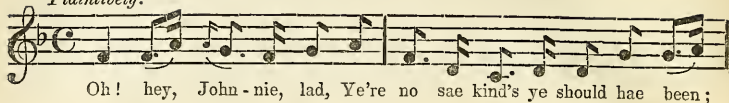
My Ro - nald was a gal - lant gay, Fu'
 state - ly strade he o'er the plain; But
 now he's ba - nish'd far a - way, I'll
 ne - ver see him back a - gain.
 O, for him back a - gain!
 O, for him back a - gain! I
 wad gie a' Knok - has - pie's land For
 High - land Ro - nald back a - gain.

When a' the lave gang to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen,
 And sit me down and greet my fill,
 And ay I wish him back again.
 O, for him back again, &c.

O, were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain,
 Then I wad see the joyfu' sight
 O' Highland Ronald back again.
 O, for him back again, &c.

The original of this song is very old, but the sweetness of the air induced Burns to alter and amend it. The air has been enlisted into the Jacobite service more than once.

OH' HEY, JOHNNIE, LAD.

Plaintively.

I lookit by the whinny knowe,
 I lookit by the firs sae green;
 I lookit o'er spunky howe,
 And aye I thought ye wad hae been.
 The ne'er a supper crossed my craig,
 The ne'er a sleep has clos'd my een;
 Och! hey, Johnnie, lad,
 It was a waefu' night yestreen.

Gin ye were waiting by the wood,
 Then I was waiting by the thorn;
 I thought it was the place we set,
 And waited maist till dawning morn.
 But be na vex'd my bonny lassie,
 Let my waiting stand for thine;
 We'll awa' to Craigton shaw,
 And seek the joys we tint yestreen.

Tannahill wrote this song, which we cannot consider one of his best; yet from the beauty of the music, which is old, it has always been popular.

AULD ROB MORRIS.

Slowly.

There's auld Rob Mor-ris that wons in yon
glen, He's the king o' gude fel-lows and
wale of auld men; He has gow'd in his
cof-fers, he has ows-en and kine, And
ae bon-nie las-sie, his dar-ling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

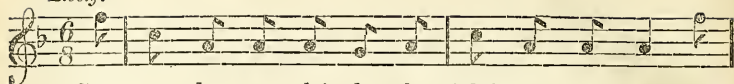
But, oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard;
A wooer like me mauna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O, had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me!
O, how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

Auld Rob Morris, like Old King Cole, seems to have been a merry old soul, and a laird of houses and land to boot; but the daughter is the great attraction. Burns founded this song on two of greater antiquity.

COME UNDER MY PLAIDY.

Lively.

"Come un - der my plai - dy, the night's gaun to fa'; Come



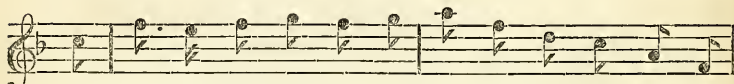
in frae the cauld blast, the drift, and the snaw; Come



un - der my plai - dy, and sit down be - side me, There's



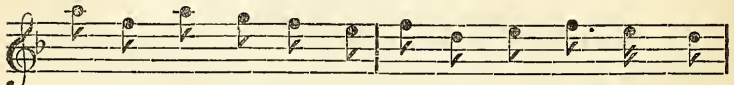
room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me, for twa.



Come un - der my plai - dy, and sit down be - side me, I'll



hap ye frae ev' - ry cauld blast that can blaw; Come



un - der my plai - dy, and sit down be - side me, There's



room in't, dear las - sie, be - lieve me, for twa."

“Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa,
 I fear na the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw;
 Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll not sit beside ye,
 Ye might be my gatcher—auld Donald, gae 'wa.
 I'm gaun to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
 He's been at Meg's bridal fu' trig and fu' brow!
 Nane dances sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly,
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.”

“Dear Marion, let that flee stick fast to the wa',
 Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava;
 The hale o' his pack he has now on his back;
 He's thretty, and I am but threescore and twa.
 Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk ye aye finely,
 To kirk or to market they'll few gang sac brow;
 A bien house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in,
 And flunkies to 'tend ye as fast as ye ca'.”

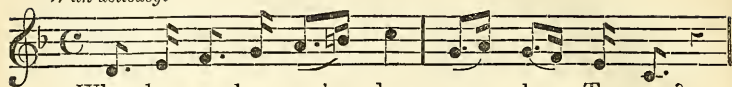
“My father ay tauld me, my mither an' a',
 Ye'd make a gude husband and keep me ay brow;
 It's true I lo'e Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
 But waes me, I ken, he has naething ava!
 I hae little tocher, ye've made a gude offer,
 I'm nae mair than twenty, my time is but sma'!
 Sae gie me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
 I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa!”

She crap in ayont him, beside the stane wa',
 Whare Johnny was list'ning, and heard her tell a';
 The day was appointed!—his proud heart it dunted,
 And strack 'gainst his side as if bursting in twa.
 He wander'd hame weary, the night it was dreary,
 And thowless he tint his gate 'mang the deep snaw;
 The howlet was screamin', while Johnny cried, “Women
 Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay brow.”

O, the diel's in the lasses! they gang now sae brow,
 They'll lie down wi' auld men o' fourscore and twa;
 The hale o' their marriage is gowd and a carriage,
 Plain love is the cauldest blast now that can blaw.
 Auld dotards, be wary! take tent wha ye marry,
 Young wives wi' their coaches they'll whip and they'll ca',
 Till they meet wi' some Johnny that's youthfu' and bonny,
 And they'll gie ye horns on ilk haffet to claw.

This is the best song Macneill ever wrote, and early gained that popularity to which it is justly entitled. It is somewhat strange, that in most of Macneill's songs we find the lovers unequally matched, either a young lassie and an old man, or *vice versâ*. The air, Johnny Macgill, is by a Dumfries fiddler of the same name, and is truly a spirited and lively production.

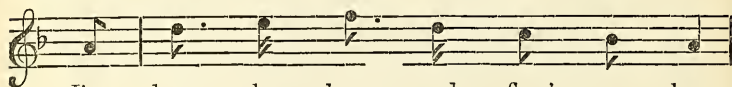
MY BOY TAMMY.

With delicacy.

Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tam-my?



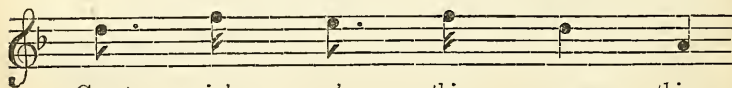
Whar hae ye been a' day, my boy Tam-my?



I've been by burn and flow' - ry brae,



Mea - dow green and moun - tain grey,



Court - in' o' this young thing,



Just come frae her mam - my.

And whar gat ye that young thing, my boy Tammy?

I gat her down in yonder howe;

Smiling on a broomy knowe,

Herding ae wee lamb and ewe for her poor mammy.

What said ye to the bonny bairn, my boy Tammy?

I prais'd her e'en sae bonny blue,

Her dimpl'd cheek and cherry mou',

And prie'd it aft, as ye may trou, she said, she'd tell her mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonny face—I manna lea my mammy;

She's gien me meat, she's gien me claise,

She's been my comfort a' my days,

My father's death brought mony waes—I canna lea my mammy.

We'll tak her hame and mak her fain, my ain kind-hearted lammy,
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
 We'll be her comfort a' her days—
 The wee thing gies her hand, and says, there gang and ask my mammy

Has she been to kirk wi' thee, my boy Tammy?
 She has been to kirk wi' me,
 And the tear was in her e'e;
 But, oh! she's but a young thing, just come frae her mammy.

This song, written by Macneil, has long been a favourite.



THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

Same air as "Saw ye Johnny," page 52.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hast thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for aye,
 I maun see thee never, Jamie,
 I maun see thee never.

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou can'st love anither jo,
 While my heart is breaking;
 Soon my weary een will close,
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Never mair to waken.

This song Burns composed to the tune of "Fee him, father, fee him," which he says, when writing to Thomson on the subject, when played slow by Frazer, "is the language of despair." The words were written at the lee-side of a bowl of punch at the back of midnight, when all else but himself and muse were overset by its reeking contents.

ROW WEEL, MY BOA'TIE, ROW WEEL.

With feeling.

DUET.



Row weel, my bo-a-tie, row weel, Row weel, my mer-ry men



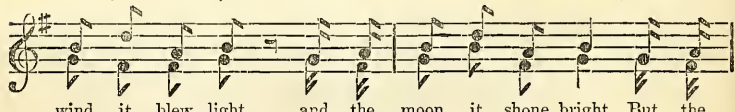
a'; For there's dule and there's wae in Glen-fior-ich's bow'rs, And there's



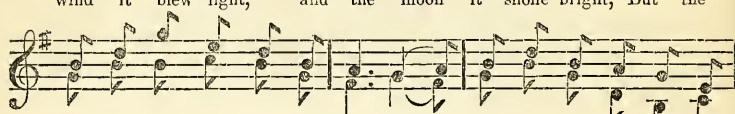
grief in my fa-ther's ha'. And the skiff it danc'd light on the



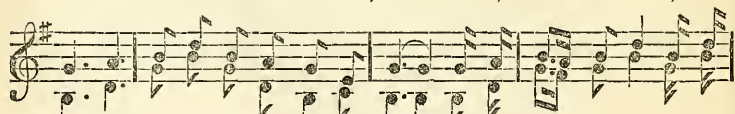
mer-ry wee waves, And it flew o'er the wa-ters sae blue; And the



wind it blew light, and the moon it shone bright, But the



boa-tie ne'er reach'd Al-lan-dhu; Och-on, for fair El-len, Och-



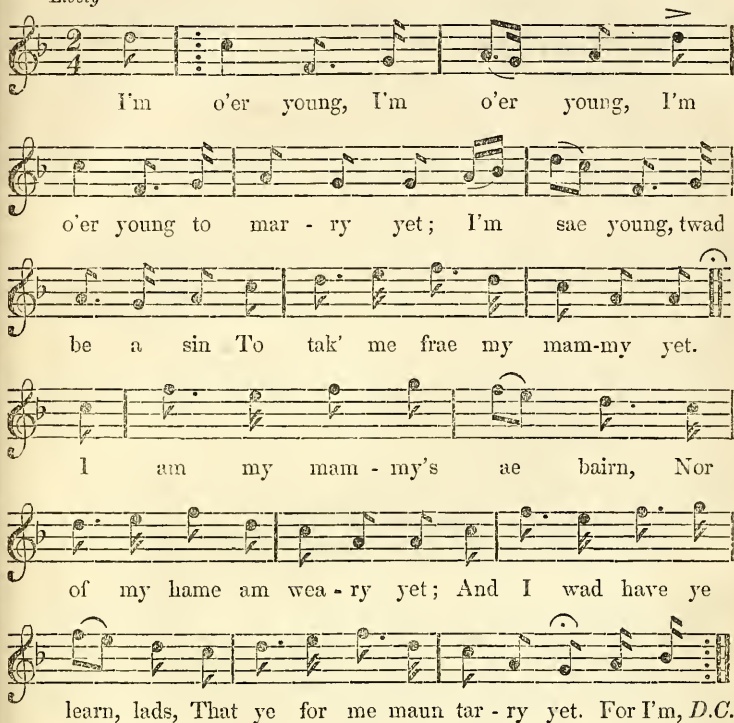
on, Och-on, for the pride of Strath-coe; In the deep, deep sea, in the



sant, sant bree, Lord Re-och thy El-len lies low.

The scene of this beautiful and interesting ballad is laid in a distant part of the West Highlands. The Laird of Glenfiorich lay at the point of death, and his daughter Ellen, the Lady of Lord Campbell Reoch, was hastening to attend him, when the melancholy event occurred on which the interest of the ballad depends. The boat went down within sight of Allan-dhu, the port or landing place nearest to the castle of Glenfiorich.

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Lively


I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young, I'm
o'er young to mar - ry yet; I'm sae young, twad
be a sin To tak' me frae my mam-my yet.
I am my mam - my's ae bairn, Nor
of my hame am wea - ry yet; And I wad have ye
learn, lads, That ye for me maun tar - ry yet. For I'm, *D.C.*

For I have had my ain way,
Nane daur'd to contradict me yet;
Sae soon to say I wad obey,
In truth, I daurna venture yet.
For I'm, &c.

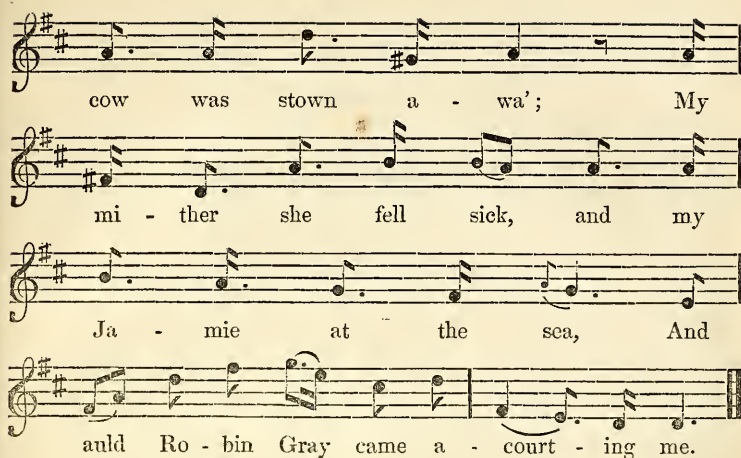
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, Sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.
For I'm, &c.

The chorus of this song is old; the rest was written by Burns for Johnstone's "Musical Museum." The air has "mischief in its very eye." No one can list the cheerful notes without a lightening of the spirit.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Slow.

Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, and
 sought me for his bride, But
 sav - ing a crown he had
 nae - thing be - side; To
 make the crown a pound, my
 Ja - mie went to sea, And the
 crown and the pound were baith for me.
 He had - na been gane a
 week but on - ly twa, When my
 fa - ther brake his arm, and our



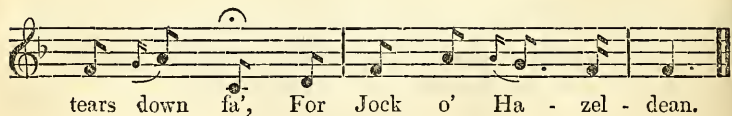
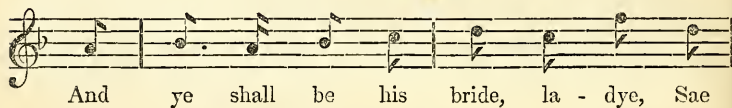
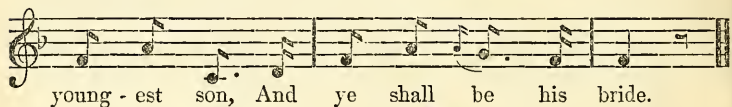
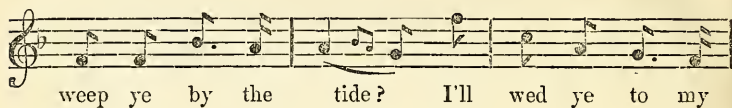
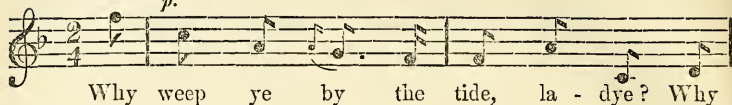
My father couldna work, and my mither couldna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their sakes, will ye marry me?
My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck;
The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die?
And why do I live to say, wae is me?

My father urged me sair, though my mither didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So I gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at my ain door;
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back, love, to marry thee.

O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but a kiss, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead, but I am not like to die;
And why do I live to say, wae is me?
I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin;
I darena think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

Lady Ann Lindsay was the authoress of this very fine song. In all works of pathos, how supereminently does female intellect surpass the descriptive powers of the male portion of creation! The old music is generally sung as an *introduction* to the words, "When the sheep are in the fauld." The modern air is truly exquisite, and was composed by the Rev. W. Leves.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

*Moderately slow.**p.*

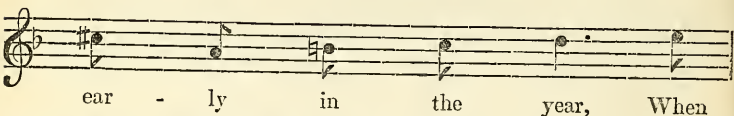
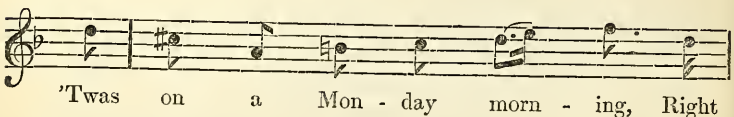
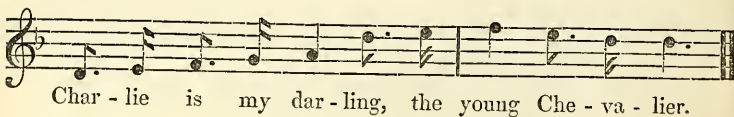
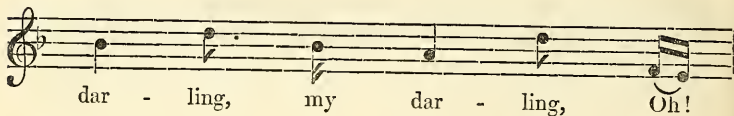
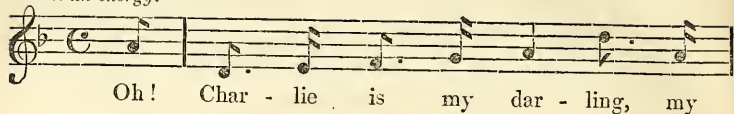
Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
 And dry that cheek so pale,
 Young Frank is chief of Errington,
 And lord of Langley-dale.
 His step is first in peaceful ha',
 His sword in battle keen—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

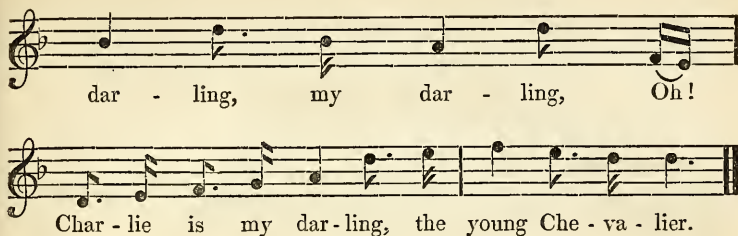
A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
 Nor braid to bind your hair;
 Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
 Nor palfrey fresh and fair.
 And you, the foremost of them a',
 Shall ride our forest queen—
 But aye she loot the tears down fa',
 For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,
 The tapers glimmer'd fair;
 The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
 And dame and knight are there.
 They sought her both by bower and ha',
 The ladye was not seen—
 She's o'er the border, and awa',
 Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

The first stanza of this beautiful ballad, by Sir Walter Scott, is old, having been copied from the ballad of "John of Hazelgreen," a perfect copy of which is to be found in "Buchan's Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland." The air is one of those to which many a bold borderer of the olden time has listened with delight.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

With energy.



As he came marching up the street,
 The pipes play'd loud and clear ;
 And a' the folks came rinnin' out
 To meet the Chevalier.
 Oh ! Charlie, &c.

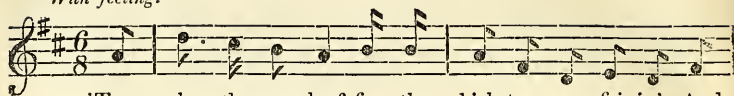
Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
 And claymores bright and clear,
 'They came to fight for Scotland's right
 And the young Chevalier.
 Oh ! Charlie, &c.

They've left their bonny Hieland hills,
 Their wives and bairnies dear,
 To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
 The young Chevalier.
 Oh ! Charlie, &c.

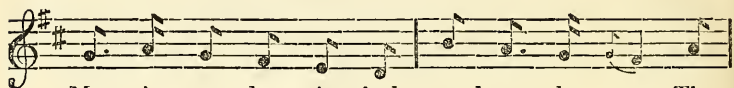
Oh ! there were mony beating hearts,
 And mony hopes and fears ;
 And mony were the pray'rs put up
 For the young Chevalier.
 Oh ! Charlie, &c.

The air to which this Jacobite song is written is exceedingly beautiful, which has caused many imitators of the words ; but the foregoing are the original. Really these Jacobites were men of taste, as far as music was concerned. There is not a single Jacobite song of any notice which is not joined to beautiful music.

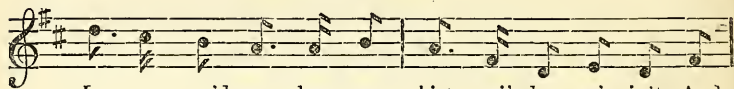
LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

With feeling.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was fa'-in', And



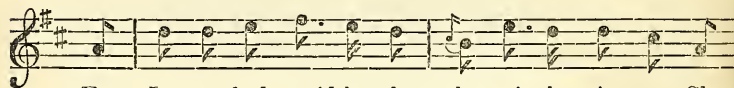
Mar - tin - mas dow - ie had wound up the year, That



Lu - cy row'd up her wee kist, wi' her a' in't, And



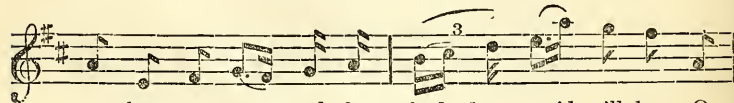
left her auld mas - ter and neigh-bours sae dear.



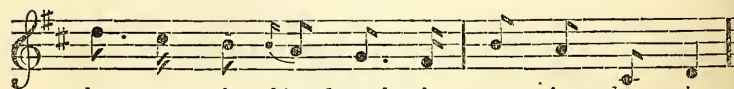
For Lu - cy had serv'd in the glen a' the sim-mer, She



came there be - fore the flow'r bloom'd on the pea; An



or-phan was she, and they had been guid till her; O,



that was the thing brought the tear in her e'e.

She gaed by the stable whare Jamie was stannin',
 Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see ;
 Fare ye weel, Lucy, quo' Jamie, and ran in—
 The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
 As down the burnside she gaed slow wi' the flittin',
 Fare ye weel, Lucy, was ilka bird's sang ;
 She heard the crow sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
 And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang

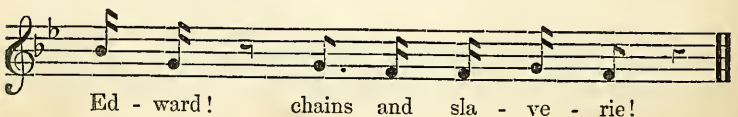
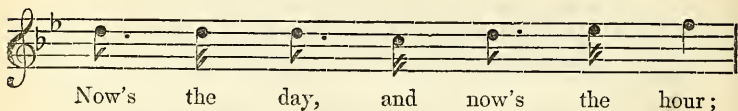
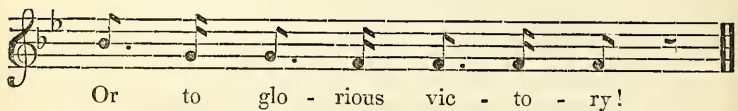
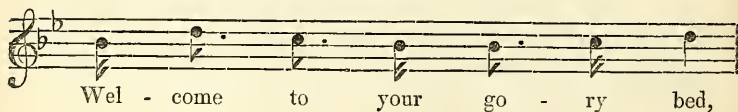
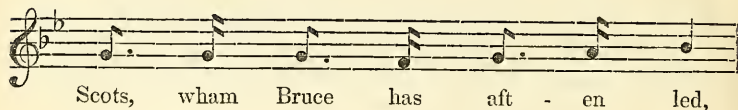
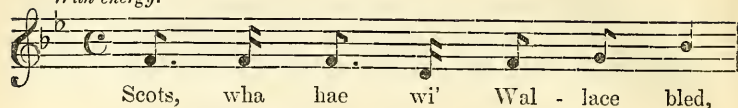
O, wha is't that pits my poor heart in a flutter ?
 And what gars the tear come sae fast frae my ee,
 If I was na ettled to be ony better,
 Then what gars me wish ony better to be ?
 I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither ;
 Nae mither, nor friend, the poor lammie can see ;
 I fear I hae left my bit heart a' thegither,
 Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
 The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me ;
 Yestreen when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
 Tho' now he said naething but fare ye weel, Lucy,
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see ;
 He couldna say mair, but just fare ye weel, Lucy,
 Yet that I will mind to the day that I die.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when its droukit,
 The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lee ;
 But Lucy likes Jamie, she turn'd and she lookit,
 She thought the dear place she wad never mair see.
 Ah ! weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless !
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn !
 His bonny sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave and will never return.

The author of this beautifully pathetic song was William Laidlaw, an intimate friend of the late Sir Walter Scott. Like Blair, the author of the "Grave," it is said he never wrote but this one piece ; and the more's the pity that one so capable should hang his harp on the willows.

SCOTS, WHA HAE WI' WALLACE BLEED.

With energy.

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

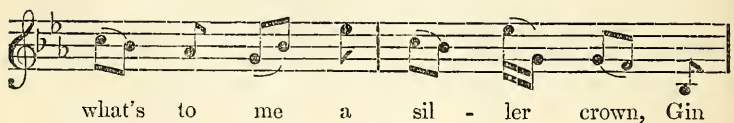
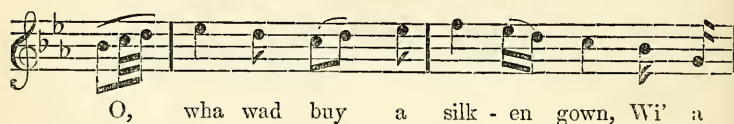
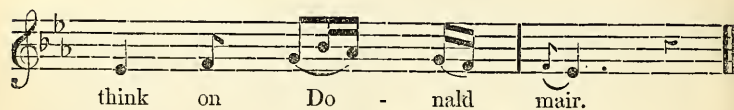
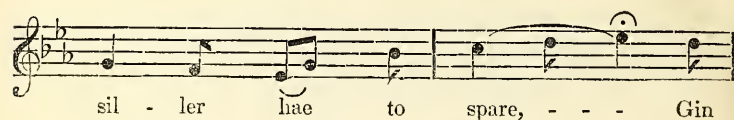
Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be, shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward ! let us do or die !

This exquisite song was composed by Burns one stormy night, while wandering among the wilds of Glen-Reu in Galloway, to the old and beautiful air of "Hey tuttie taitie," said to be the music played by the band of King Robert Bruce, when marching his gallant troops to the field of Bannockburn.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

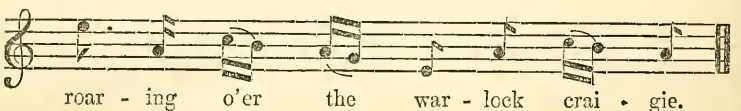
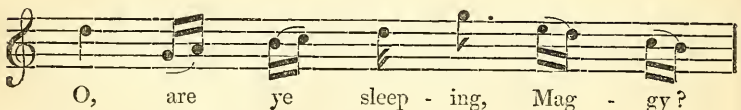
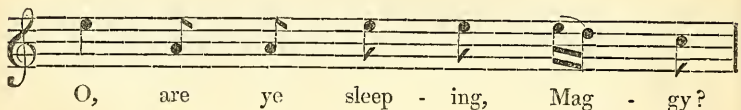
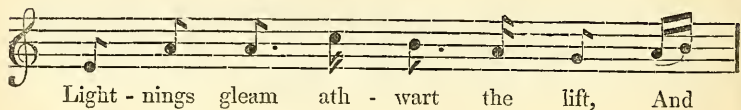
Slow.

The mind whose meanest wish is pure,
 Far dearest is to me ;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die.
 For I hae vow'd a virgin's vow,
 My lover's fate to share ;
 And he has gien to me his heart,
 And what can man do mair ?

His mind and manners wan my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift ;
 And did I wish to seek it back, .
 It wad be waur than theft.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me ;
 And ere I'm forc'd to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and die.

The author of this beautiful song is unknown. We look upon the lover to speak in allegory, and consider it one of those Jacobites, whose language and meaning are better understood than plainly expressed.

O, ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGY?

Moderate.

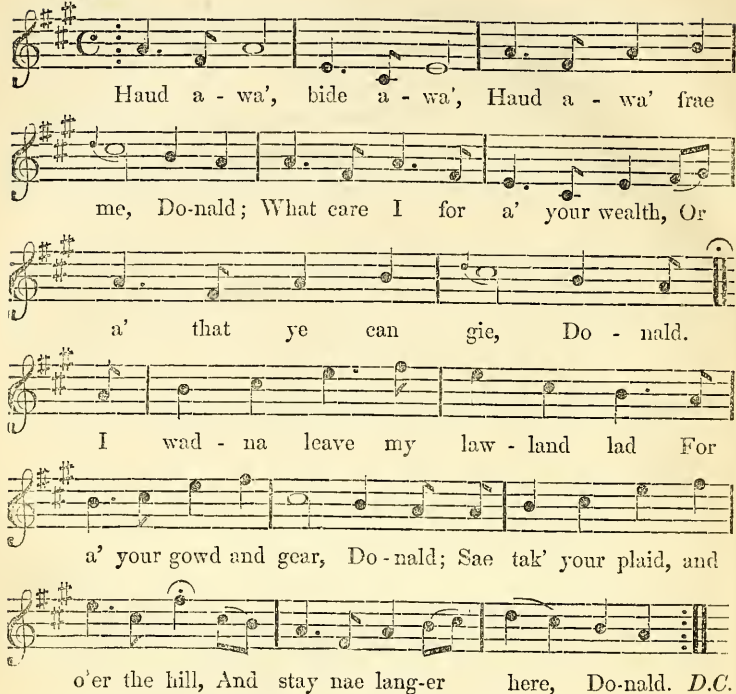
Fearfu' songhs the boortree bank,
 The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
 Loud the iron yett does clank,
 And cry o' howlets makes me eerie.
 O, are ye sleeping, Maggy? &c.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak,
 For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie;
 Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
 O, rise, rise, my bonnie lady!
 O, are ye sleeping, Maggie? &c.

She opt the door, she let him in;
 He coost aside his dreeping plaidie;
 Blaw your warst ye rain and win',
 Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.
 Now since ye're waking, Maggie!
 Now since ye're waking, Maggie!
 What care I for howlet's cry,
 For boortree, bank, or warlock craigie!

This song, by Robert Tannahill, was written to the tune of a very old song of the same name. There are few, who have ever lifted a foot in a barn-floor, that have not danced to "Sleepy Maggie." It is a favourite all the country over. The present air is modern, and more *vocal* in its nature.

HAUD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD.

Moderato.


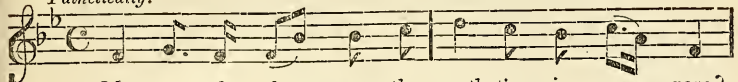
Haud a - wa', bide a - wa', Haud a - wa' frae
me, Do-nald; What care I for a' your wealth, Or
a' that ye can gie, Do - nald.
I wad - na leave my law - land lad For
a' your gowd and gear, Do - nald; Sae tak' your plaid, and
o'er the hill, And stay nae lang-er here, Do-nald. *D.C.*

My Jamie is a gallant youth,
I lo'e but him alane, Donald;
And in bonny Scotland's isle
Like him there is nane, Donald.
Haud awa', &c.

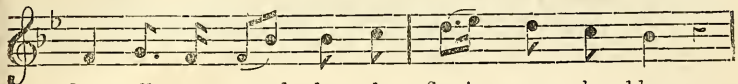
He wears nae plaid, nor tartan hose,
Nor garters at his knee, Donald;
But, O! he wears a faithfu' heart,
And love blinks in his e'e, Donald.
Sae haud awa', bide awa',
Come nae mair at e'en, Donald;
I wadna break my Jamie's heart
To be a Highland queen, Donald.

The old song of this name is too high-kilted for modern ears; we are therefore quite satisfied with the present, written by Robert Allan, of Kilbarchan, as the music is the same. The air occurs in a manuscript written for the Viol de Gamba, dated 1683.

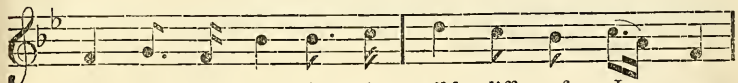
DESPAIRING MARY.

Pathetically.

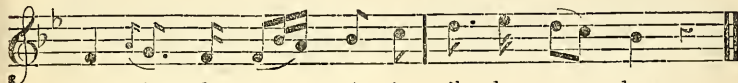
Ma - ry, why thus waste thy youth-time in sor - row?



See, all a - round thee the flow'rs sweet - ly blow;



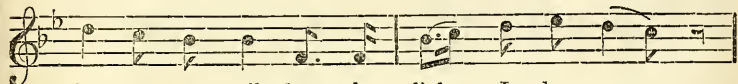
Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs of Ju - ra,



Sweet sings the ma - vis in il - ka green shaw.



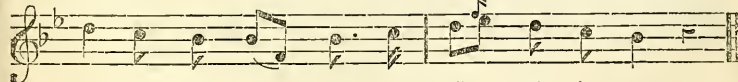
How can this heart ne - ver mair think o' plea - sure?



Sim - mer may smile, but de - lights I hae nane;



Could in the grave lies my heart's dear - est trea - sure,



Na - ture seems dead since my Ja - mie is gane.

This 'kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,

Dear, dear to me is the gift for his sake;

I wear't near my heart, but this poor heart is broken,

Hope died wi' Jamie and left it to break.

Sighing for him I lie down in the e'ening,

Sighing for him I awake in the morn;

Spent are my days a' in seeret repining,

Joy to this bosom can never return.

R. A. Smith's endeavours to shake himself clear of "The flowers o' the forest," in composing this air, were unsuccessful; but, having produced a beautiful adaptation to his friend Tannahill's words, he was content to adopt the strain.

YE BANKS AND BRAES O' BONNY DOON

With feeling.

Ye banks and braes o' bon - ny Doon, How

can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How

can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And

I sae wea - ry, fu' o' care?

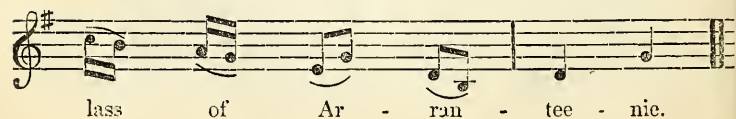
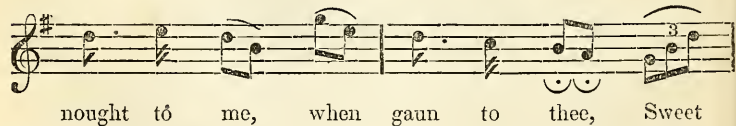
Thou'lt break my heart, thou war-bling bird, That

wan - tons through the flow'r - ing thorn; Thou
mind'st me o' de - part - ed joys, De -
part - ed, ne - ver to re - turn.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
When ilka bird sang of its love,
And fondly sae did I of mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pou'd the rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

These are all that Burns wrote of this lovely song; and the enchanting music was composed by a Mr. Miller, writer in Edinburgh. The origin of the tune was this: Mr. Miller, being one time in company with Mr. Clarke the musician, expressed a wish that he could compose a Scotch air, when Clarke, in joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsicord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would have his wish gratified; and what is strange to tell, by doing so, Mr. Miller, in a few days, produced the sketch, which, with a few corrections from Clarke, formed the now beautiful air before us.

THE LASS OF ARRANTEENIE.

Moderate.

Yon mossy rose-bud down the howe,
 Just op'ning fresh and bonnie,
 Blinks sweetly 'neath the hazel bough,
 And 's scarcely seen by ony.
 Sae sweet amidst her native hills
 Obscurely blooms my Jeanie,
 Mair fair and gay than rosy May,
 The flower of Arranteenie.

Now from the mountain's lofty brow
 I view the distant occan,
 There avarice guides the bounding prow,
 Ambition courts promotion.
 Let fortune pour her golden store
 Her laurell'd favours many;
 Give me but this, my soul's first wish,
 The lass of Arranteenie.

This sweet lyric is the composition of Tannahill. The music is by R. A. Smith.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

With great spirit.

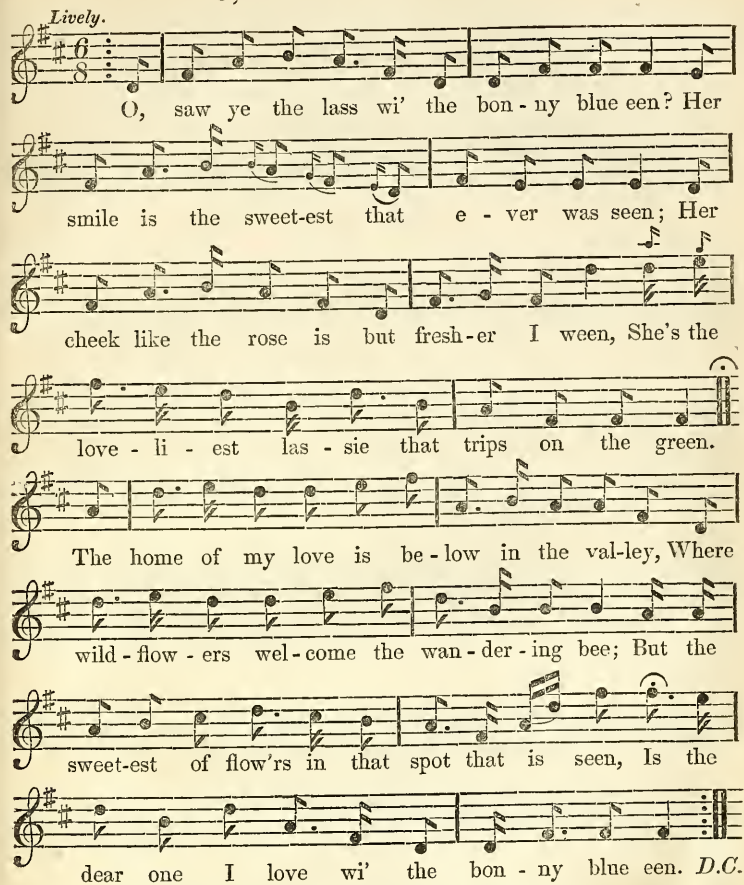
March, march, Ett - rick and Te - viot - dale,
 Why, my lads, din - na ye march for - ward in or - der?
 March, march, Esk - dale and Lid - des - dale,
 All the blue bon - nets are o - ver the bor - der.
 Ma - ny a ban - ner spread, flut - ters a - bove your head,
 Ma - ny a crest that is fa - mous in sto - ry;
 Mount and make rea - dy then, sons of the moun - tain glen,
 Fight for your Queen and the old Scot - tish glo - ry. *D.C.*

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding, war steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms, and march in good order;
 England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
 When the blue bonnets came over the border.

This gathering song was written by Sir Walter Scott.

O, SAW YE THE LASS.

Lively.



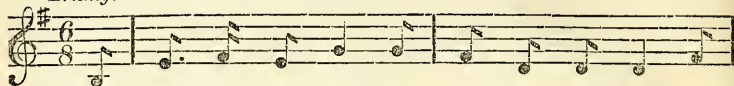
O, saw ye the lass wi' the bon - ny blue een? Her
 smile is the sweet-est that e - ver was seen; Her
 cheek like the rose is but fresh-er I ween, She's the
 love - li - est las - sie that trips on the green.
 The home of my love is be - low in the val-ley, Where
 wild - flow - ers wel - come the wan - der - ing bee; But the
 sweet-est of flow'rs in that spot that is seen, Is the
 dear one I love wi' the bon - ny blue een. *D.C.*

When night overshadows her cot in the glen,
 She'll steal out to meet her lov'd Donald again;
 And when the moon shines on yon valley so green,
 I'll welcome the lass wi' the bonny blue een.
 As the dove, that has wandered away from his nest,
 Returns to his mate his fond heart loves the best,
 I'll fly from the world's false and vanishing scene,
 To my dear one, the lass wi' the bonny blue een.

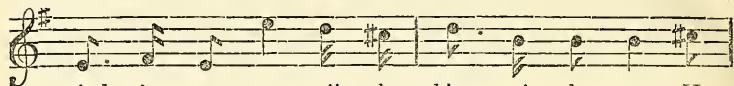
O, saw ye, &c.

It is delightful to see fine sentiments wedded to imperishable music, as in the present case. The imagery to which the lover compares his mistress is beautiful and expressive. What maid would not have been proud of such a painter?

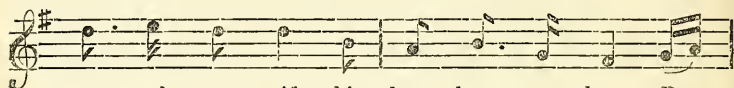
THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

Briskly.

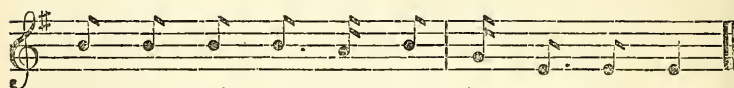
The Laird o' Cock-pen he's proud an' he's great, His



mind is taen up wi' the things o' the state; He



want - ed a wife his braw house to keep, But



fa - vour wi' woo - in' was fash - ous to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well
McClish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha Lee,
A pennyless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel-ponther'd, and as guid as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat,
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare an' rade cannily,
An' rapt at the yett o' Claverse-ha Lee;
"Gae, tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak to the Laird o' Cockpen."

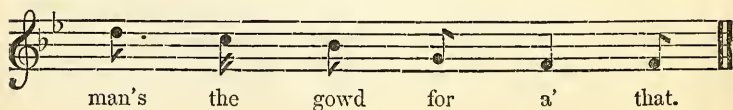
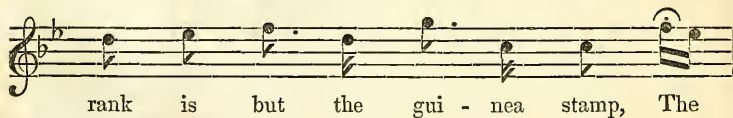
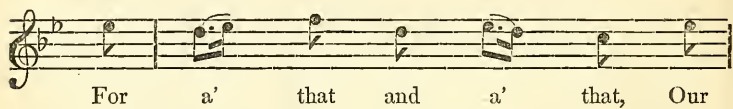
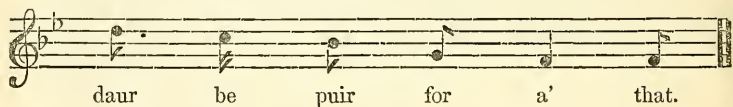
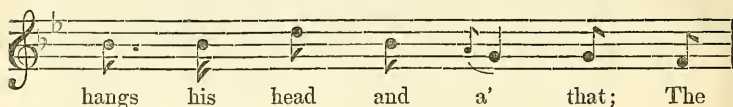
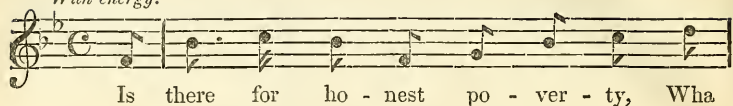
Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine,
 "An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
 She pat aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
 Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa' down.

An' when she came ben, he bowed fu' low,
 An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
 Amazed was the Laird, when the lady said, "na,"
 An' wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfounder'd he was, nae sigh did he gie,
 He mounted his mare, he rade cannily;
 And aften he thought, as he gaed thro' the glen,
 She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird of Cockpen was a firm adherent to the house of Stuart, in the time of Cromwell's protectorship, by which means he lost his lands, being forfeited to the Crown while he was living in Holland with Charles the Second; but on the restoration, after many unsuccessful attempts to regain them, he applied to the organist of the Chapel Royal one Sunday, when his Majesty was to be present, to play before him, which he did for some time without being noticed; but at the conclusion, in a fit of despair, instead of the usual solemn tune, he struck up the lively air of "Brose and Butter," the King's particular favourite, which had often been played to him by Cockpen in his exile, which so enchanted his Majesty, that he flew to the organ loft, passed the organist on his knees praying for mercy, as he was innocent, when the King told him he never could play such in his life; and, shaking Cockpen warmly by the hand, said, "Odds fish, I thought you would have made me dance." Cockpen complained of having lost his lands in his service; the King replied, he should yet dance to "Brose and Butter," and be again the Laird of Cockpen, which was the case.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

With energy.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hoddin' grey, and a' that,
 Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that :
 The honest man, though e'er sae puir,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

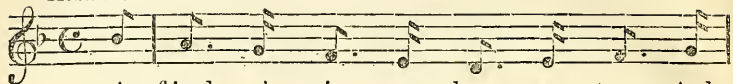
Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that,
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribband, star, and a' that :
 The man of independent mind
 Can look and laugh at a' that.

A king can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that,
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that :
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are grander far than a' that.

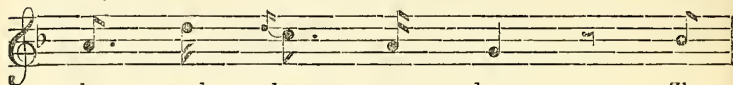
Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will, for a' that,
 When sense and worth o'er a' the earth
 Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that :
 When man to man the warld o'er
 Shall brithers be for a' that.

This truly independent song is the fruit of an independent mind, Robert Burns, who wrote as he thought. It is a no less striking than true picture of many British-born nobles, who, it may be said, possess only the stamp of the guinea. An honest man, in the words of the poet, is "the noblest work of God."

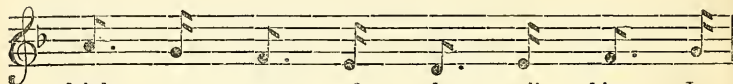
MY WIFE HAS TA'EN 'THE GEE.

Moderato.

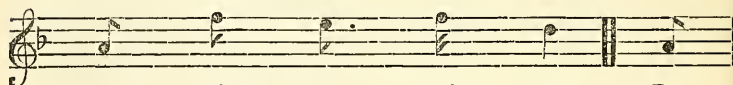
A friend o' mine came here yes - treeen, And



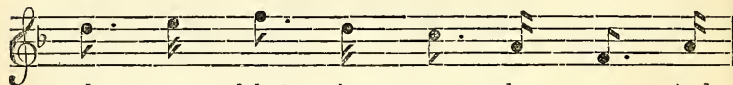
he wad hae me down, To



drink a pot of ale wi' him, In



the neist bor - ough town. But,



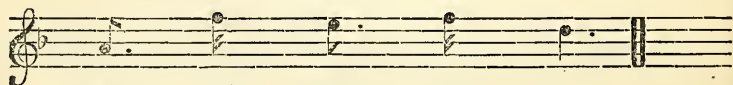
oh! a - lake! it was the waur, And



sair the waur for me; For



lang or e'er that I came hame, My



wife had ta'en the gee.

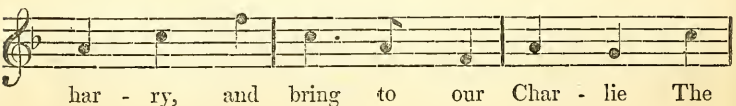
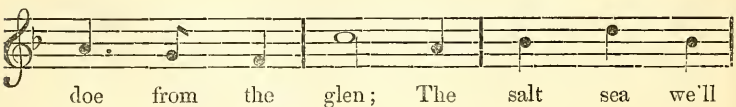
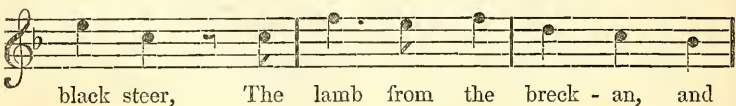
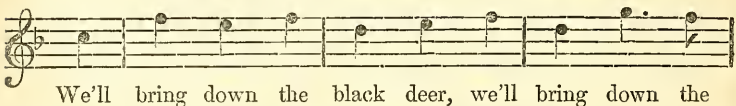
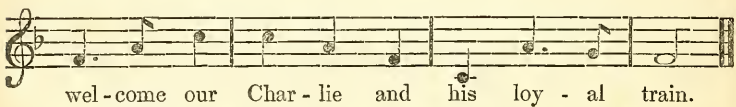
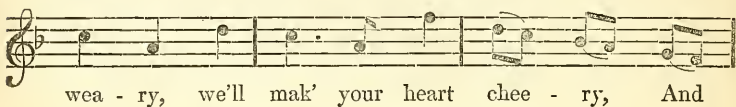
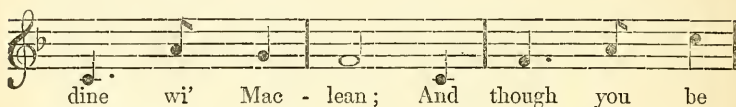
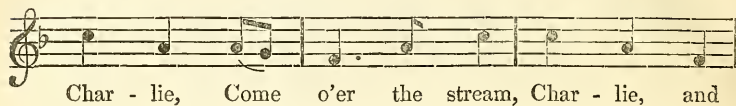
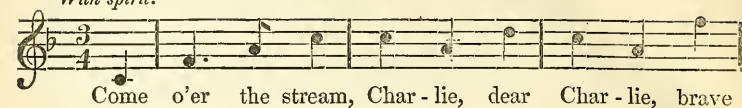
We sat sae late and drank sae stout,
 The truth I'll tell to you,
 That lang or ever midnight came,
 We were a' roaring fou.
 My wife sits by the fireside,
 And the tear blinds ay her e'e;
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
 But sit and tak' the gee.

In the morning soon when I came down,
 The ne'er a word she spak';
 But mony a sad and sour look,
 And ay her head she'd shake.
 "My dear," quo' I, "what aileth thee,
 To look sae sour at me;
 I'll never do the like again,
 If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee."

When that she heard she ran, she flang
 Her arms about my neck,
 And twenty kisses in a crack,
 And poor wee thing she grat.
 "If you'll ne'er do the like again,
 But stay at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life I'se be the wife,
 That's never tak' the gee."

This song is very old, although a copy of it is not to be found in print earlier than the days of honest David Herd, who gives it a place in his collection.

COME O'ER THE STREAM, CHARLIE.

With spirit.

cream from the bo - thy and curd from the
pen. Come o'er the stream Char - lie, dear
Char - lie, brave Char - lie, Come o'er the stream,
Char - lie, and dine wi' Mac - lean; And though you be
wea - ry, we'll mak' your heart chee - ry, And
wel - come our Char - lie and his loy - al train.

And ye shall drink freely the dews o' glen Sheerly,
That stream in the starlight when kings do not ken;
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire and his friend the Maclean.
Come o'er, &c.

If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready—a troop of our bold Highlandmen
Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms, and broad claymores, three hundred and ten.
Come o'er, &c.

This is the composition of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who, from the Gaelic prose account, turned it into a singing posture very happily. Maclean was one of the Prince's faithful adherents, whom he characterises as a Highland riever, and promises to treat him as such by the fruits of his labours, which are somewhat curious for the palate of a prince.

O, WHA'S FOR SCOTLAND AND CHARLIE?

Lively.


O, wha's for Scot - land and Char - lie? O,
 wha's for Scot - land and Char - lie? He's
 come o'er the sea to his ain coun - try, O,
 wha's for Scot - land and Char - lie?
 A - wa', a - wa', auld car - lie, A -
 wa', a - wa', auld car - lie; Gie
 Char - lie his crown, and let him sit down Where
 ye've been sae lang, auld car - lie.

The flags are fleeing fu' rarely,
 The flags are fleeing fu' rarely,
 And Charlie's awa' to see his ain ha',
 And to bang his faes right sairly.

Then, wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

O, wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

He's come o'er the sea to his ain countrie,

Now wha's for Scotland and Charlie?

This song, in honour of Prince Charles, commonly called the Pretender, ridicules the idea of the King of Hanover continuing to occupy the throne of Great Britain, to which the author considered he had no legal right or title. He is spoken of as the "auld earlie," a term of reproach in Scotland.

WHAT'S A' THE STEER KIMMER?

DUET.

Lively.

What's a' the steer, kim-mer? What's a' the steer?



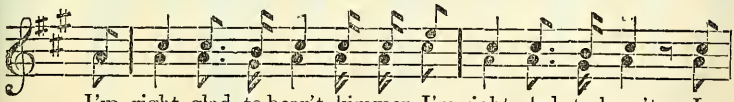
Char-lie he is land-ed, And haith he'll soon be here; The



win' was at his back, carle, The win' was at his back, I



care-na since he's come, carle, We were-na worth a plack.



I'm right glad to hear't, kimmer, I'm right glad to hear't; I



ha'e a gude braid claymore, And for his sake I'll wear't; Since

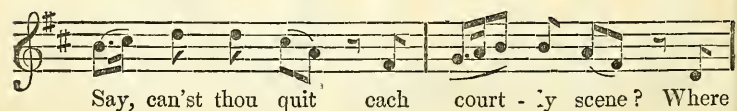
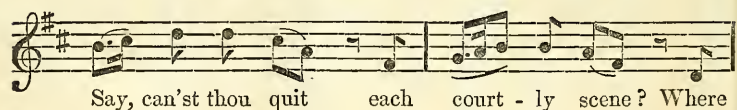
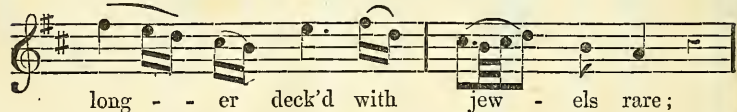
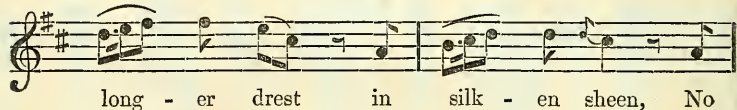
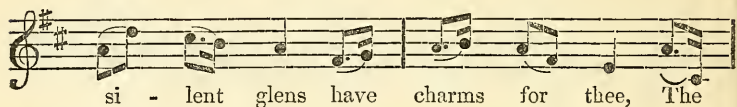
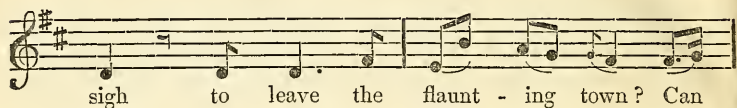
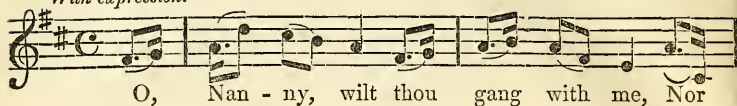


Char-lie he is land-ed, We ha'e nae mair to fear; Since



Char-lie he is come, kimmer, We'll ha'e a jubi-lee year.

O, NANNY WILT 'THOU GANG WITH ME.

With expression.



Oh! Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, can'st thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 O! can that soft, that gentle mien
 Severest hardships learn to bear?
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh! Nanny, can'st thou love so true,
 Through perils keen with me to go?
 Or when thy swain mayhap shall rue
 To share with him the pang of woe
 Say, should disease or pain befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care
 Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
 And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
 Strew flowers and drop the tender tear,
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

This beautiful interrogatory song is the composition of Dr. Percy, editor of the "Relics of Ancient English Poetry," a gentleman of pure and truly refined feelings. The music is beautiful and composed by T. Carter.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.

Moderato.

O, were I a - ble to re - hearse My
ew - ie's praise in pro - per verse, I'd
sound it out as lang and fierce, As
e - ver pi - per's drone could blaw.
My ew - ie wi' the crook - ed horn,
A' that kend her could hae sworn,
Sic a ew - ie ne'er was born,
Here - a - bout or far a - wa.

I neither needed tar nor keil
To mark her upon hip or heel;
Her crooked horn it did as weel
To ken her by amang them a'.
The ewie, &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her,
 Wind or rain could never wrang her;
 Ance she lay a week and langer
 Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.

The ewie, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
 For fear the founmart might devour her,
 Or some mishanter had come o'er her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa.

The ewie, &c.

Yet, Monday last, for a' my keeping,
 I canna speak it without greeting,
 A villain came, when I was sleeping,
 And staw my ewie, horn, and a'.

The ewie, &c.

I sought her sair upon the morn,
 And down beneath a buss o' thorn
 I got my ewie's crooked horn,
 But, ah! my ewie was awa.

The ewie, &c.

But an I had the loon that did it,
 I hae sworn as weel as said it,
 Though a' the warld should forbid it,
 I wad gie his neck a thrav.

The ewie, &c.

For a' the claith that we hae worn,
 Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
 The loss o' her we could hae borne,
 Had fair strae death ta'en her awa.

The ewie, &c.

But, silly thing, to lose her life
 Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
 I'm really fear'd that our gudewife
 Sall never win aboon't ava.

The ewie, &c.

O, a' ye bards about Kinghorn,
 Call up your muses, let them mourn;
 Our ewie wi' the crooked horn
 Is stown frae us, and fell'd, and a'.

The ewie, &c.

There is not a more heart-stirring and pathetic song than this. It is all simplicity, literally copied from nature's book of laws, and may be said to be the prototype of one of Burns' iast poems. The author was the Rev. John Skinner, an episcopal clergyman, at Longside, near Peterhead.

THE BRAES ABOON BONAW.

Allegretto.

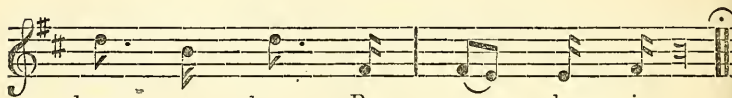
Wilt thou go, my bon - ny las - sie,



Wilt thou go, my braw las - sie,



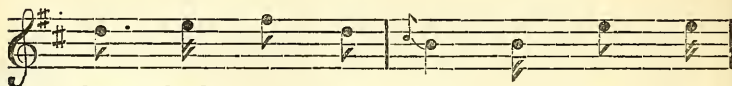
Wilt thou go, say ay or no, To the



braes a - boon Bo - naw, las - sie.



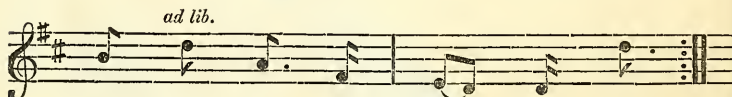
Though Do - nald has na mic - kle fraise, Wi'



law - land speech - es fine, las - sie; What



he'll im - part comes frae the heart, Sae

let it be frae thine, las - sie. *D. C.**ad lib.*

When simmer days cleed a' the braes
 Wi' blossom'd broom sae fine, lassie,
 At milking sheel we'll join the reel,
 My flocks shall a' be thine, lassie.
 Wilt thou go, &c.

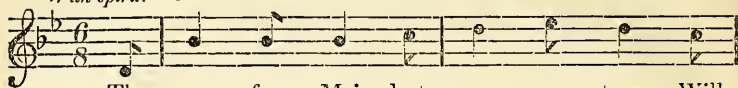
I'll hunt the roe, the hart, the doe,
 The ptarmigan sae shy, lassie;
 For duck and drake I'll beat the brake,
 Nae want shall thee come nigh, lassie.
 Wilt thou go, &c.

For trout and par wi' canny care
 I'll wiley skim the flie, lassie;
 Wi' sic-like cheer I'll please my dear,
 Then come awa wi' me, lassie.
 "Yes, I'll go, my bonny laddie,
 Yes, I'll go, my braw laddie,
 Ilk joy and care wi' thee I'll share,
 'Mang the braes aboon Bonaw, laddie."

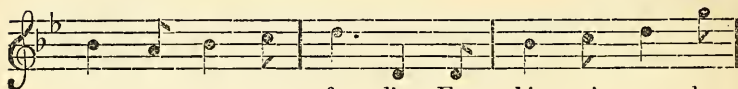
Of the many attempts to delineate the courtship of a "Highland lad and lawland lassie," this is certainly the best. After the very earnest promises to procure her every comfort, we wonder not at the frankness with which she consents to share with him "ilk joy and care." The song is beautiful, and has long been a favourite. The words are by Gilfillan.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

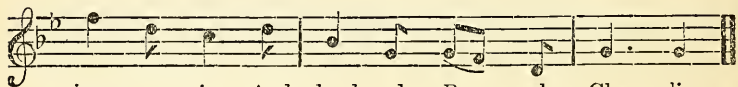
With spirit.



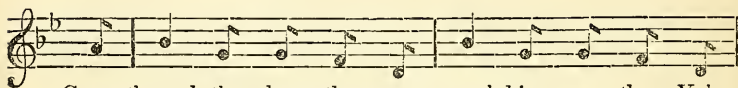
The news frae Moi - dart cam yes - treen, Will



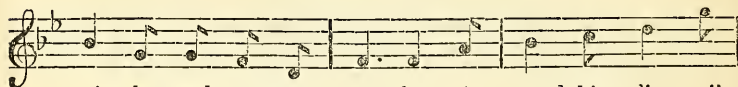
soon gar mo - ny fer - lie; For ships o' war hae



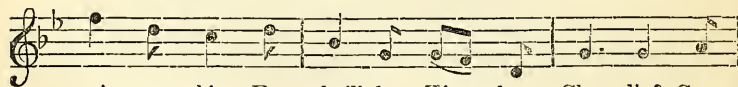
just come in, And land - ed Roy - al Char - lie.



Come through the hea - ther, a - round him ga - ther, Ye're



a' the wel-com-er ear - ly; A - round him cling wi'



a' your kin, For wha'll be King but Char - lie? Come



through the hea - ther, a - round him ga - ther; Come,



Ro-nald, come Do-nald, come a' the - gi - ther, And



'The Highland clans wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airly,
Hae to a man declared to stand,
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.

Come through, &c.

The Lowlands a' baith great and sma',
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
Declared for Scotland's King and law,
And spier ye wha but Charlie?

Come through, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land
But vows, baith late and early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand
Wha wadna fight for Charlie.

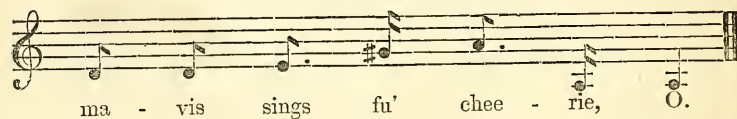
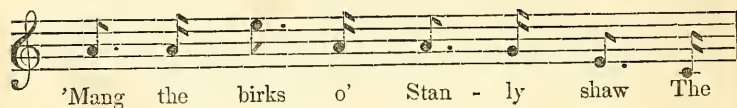
Come through, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause
And be't complete and early;
His very name my heart's blood warms—
To arms! for Royal Charlie!

Come through, &c.

The air to which this beautiful Jacobite song is composed is one of the finest, and is worthy of the words. The authors of these lyrics generally selected the best music for their verses, so as they might become not only favourites for the cause they espoused, but that they might become popular for their harmonious sounds.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.

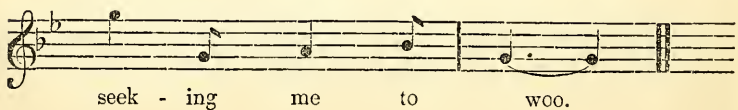
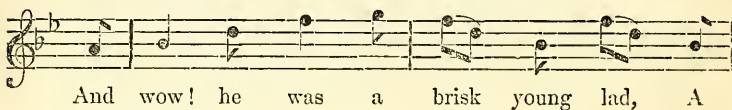
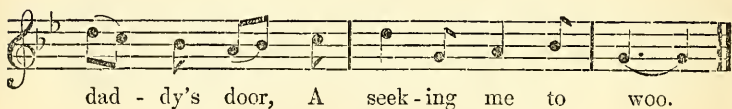
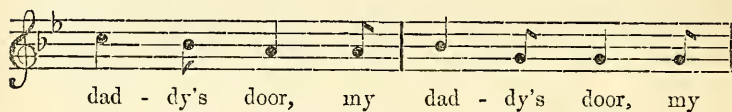
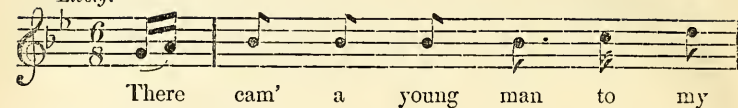
Moderate time.



Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
 Lav' rocks fan the sna-white clouds;
 Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
 Adorn the banks sae brierie, O.
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry brechans fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
 Trees may bud, an' birds may sing,
 Flow'rs may bloom, an' verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

It is rather surprising that the songs of Tannahill are not more popular than they generally are, considering the high poetical merit they possess. The braes of Gleniffer was one of his favourite walks, where he used to recline and paint the beauties of nature around him. The music is "Balgonie's favorite."

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

Lively.

But I was baking when he came,
 When he came, when he came,
 I took him in and gied him a scone
 To thowe his frozen mou'.
 And, wow ! he was, &c.

I set him in aside the bink,
 I gae him bread and ale to drink,
 But ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,
 Until his wame was fou.
 But, oh ! he was, &c.

Gae get you gone ye cauldrie wooer,
 Ye sour-looking cauldrie wooer ;
 I straightway show'd him to the door,
 Saying, " come nae mair to woo."
 But, oh ! he was, &c

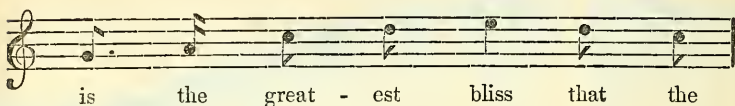
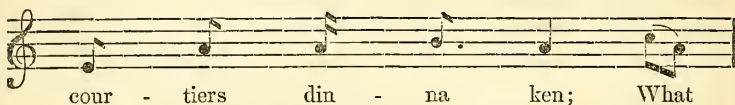
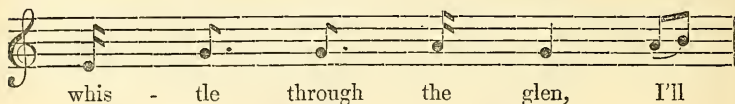
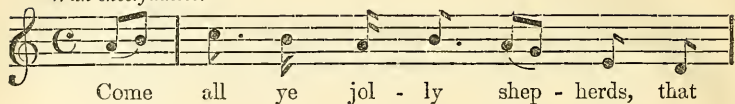
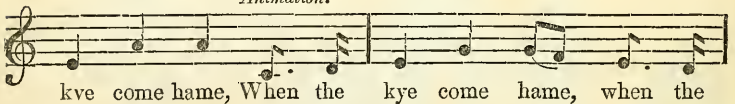
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
 Before the door, before the door,
 There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
 And there fell he I trow !
 And, oh ! he was, &c.

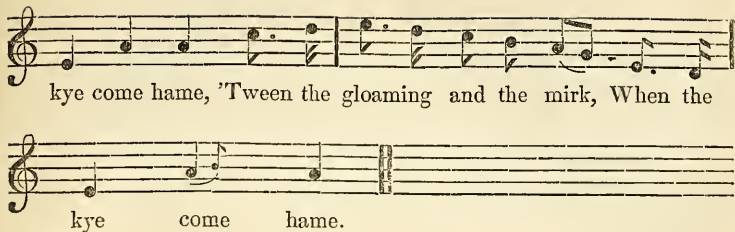
Out came the goodman and high he shouted,
 Out came the goodwife and laigh she looted,
 And a' the toun-neebors were gather'd about it,
 And there lay he I trow.
 And, wow ! he was, &c.

Then out came I and sneer'd and smil'd,
 Ye came to woo but ye're a' beguil'd ;
 Ye've faun in the dirt and ye're a' befyl'd,
 We'll hae nae mair o' you.
 But, wow ! he was, &c.

This song is old, and author unknown. The excellent David Herd, in his two-volume collection of Scottish songs, was the first to give it a place according to its merits. It is one of the best humorous songs extant, and deserves to be better known to the lovers of harmonious fun and jollity.

WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.

With cheerfulness.*Animation.*



'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,
 'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet on bed of down;
 'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without a name,
 Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye, &c.

Then the eye shines so bright the hale soul to beguile,
 There's love in every whisper and joy in every smile;
 O! wha would choose a crown wi' its perils and its fame,
 And miss a bonny lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye, &c.

See yonder pawky shepherd, that lingers on the hill,
 His ewes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;
 But he downa gang to bed, for his heart is in a flame,
 To meet his bonny lassie when the kye come hame.

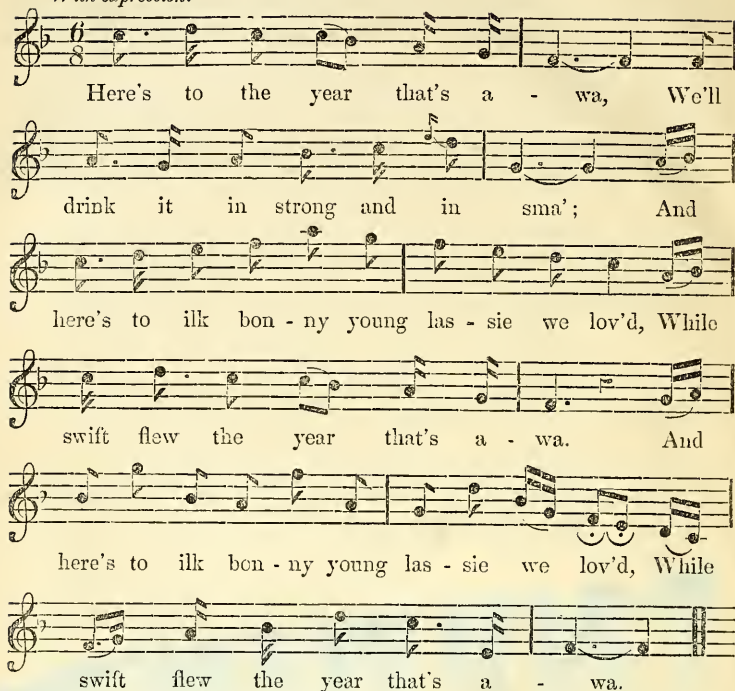
When the kye, &c.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune, what comfort can they gie?
 And a' the arts that prey upon man's life and liberty!
 Gie me the highest joy that the heart of man can frame,
 My bonny, bonny lassie when the kye come hame.

When the kye, &c.

This beautiful song is the composition of the Ettrick Shepherd, who, no doubt, had experienced what he has here written. To those who know not the simplicity and pleasures of a pastoral life, this picture of rural love cannot be so much appreciated as it ought. The shepherd himself used to sing it with great fervour and feeling.

THE YEAR THAT'S AWA.

With expression.


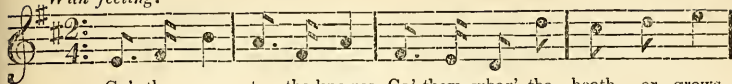
Here's to the year that's a - wa, We'll
 drink it in strong and in sma'; And
 here's to ilk bon - ny young las - sie we lov'd, While
 swift flew the year that's a - wa. And
 here's to ilk bon - ny young las - sie we lov'd, While
 swift flew the year that's a - wa.

Here's to the soldier who bled,
 To the sailor who bravely did fa';
 Their fame is alive, though their spirits are fled
 On the wings of the year that's awa.
 Their fame, &c.

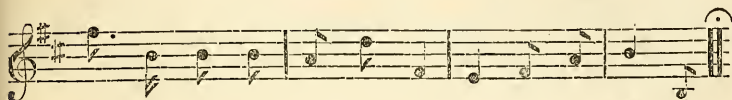
Here's to the friend we can trust,
 When the storms of adversity blaw;
 May he join in our song and be nearest our hearts,
 Nor depart like the year that's awa.
 May he, &c.

Dunlop is the name of the author of this song, which may be said to be a new-year morning toast. It is founded on the old Jacobite pledge of "Here's a health to them that's away;" of course, Prince Charles Stuart.

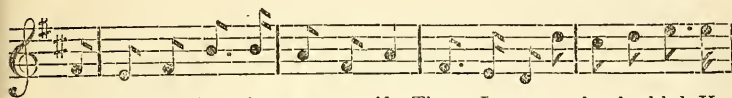
CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

With feeling.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes, Ca' them whar' the heath - er grows,



Ca' them whar' the bur - nie rows, My bon - nie dea - rie.



As I gaed down the wa - ter side, There I met my shep-herd lad, He



row'd me sweet - ly in his plaid, And ca'd me his dea-rie

D.C.

Will ye gang down the water side,
 And see the waves sae gently glide
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.

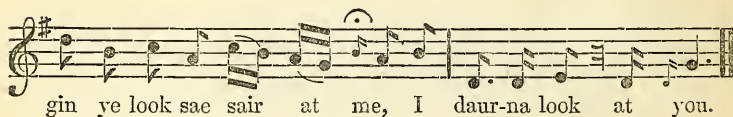
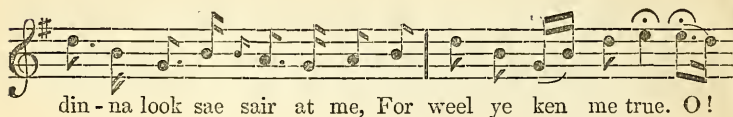
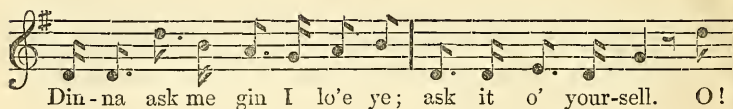
Ye shall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Caul' leather shoon to thy white feet,
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
 And ye shall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
 I'll gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
 And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
 And I shall be your dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
 Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my e'e,
 Ye shall be my dearie.

This sweet song is very old, with a few modern emendations by a Mr. Pagan. The last verse is truly fine. The air is also very beautiful, very old, and a true pastoral.

O! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.

With feeling.

An' when ye're gane to yon big town,
 An' mony a braw lass see,
 O, Jamie, dinna look at them,
 For fear ye mind na me;
 For weel I ken there's mony a ane
 That weel might fancy thee;
 Then, Jamie, keep me in your mind,
 Wha loes but only thee.

This song was written to the old air of "Coming through the rye" by a Mr. Dunlop.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Same air as "Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye."

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye,
 Gin a body greet a body,
 Need a body cry?
 Ilka lassie has her laddie,
 Nane, they say, hae I;
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me
 When coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming frae the town,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body frown?
 Ilka lassie, &c.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming frae the well,
 Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body tell?
 Ilka lassie, &c.

* Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But whar his hame, or what his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

* These last four lines to be sung to the first part of the air.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

Archly.

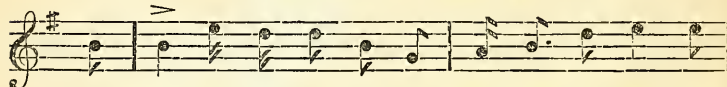
O, mei-kle thinks my love o' my beau-ty, And



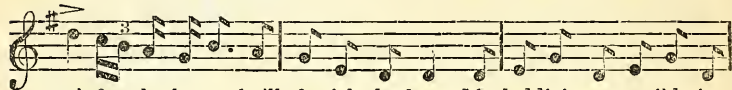
mei-kle thinks my love o' my kin; But lit-tle thinks my love



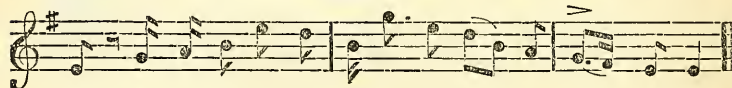
I ken brawlie My tocher's the jew-el has charms for him.



It's a' for the ap-ple he'll nou-rish the tree; It's



a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee; My laddie's sae meikle in



love wi' the sil-ler, He can-na hac love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunning,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mair nor me.

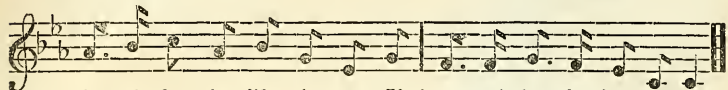
The tactics of this song are more of a business than of a love nature; but the hero of the piece seems to be over-matched by the shrewd cunning of his sweetheart, who quotes proverbs, to prove that the real love to whom he is paying his addresses lies snugly in the bottom of the chest, and not in the rosy cheeks and sprightly e'e of his crafty fair one. Burns is the author. This air was found by Gow in Oswald's Pocket Companion as a jig; it struck him it would be pretty if slow; and being without a name, he called it Lord Elcho's Favourite. Oswald was a music-seller in London. The four last lines of this song are very old; so are the two—

"It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
 It's a' for the binny he'll cherish the bee."

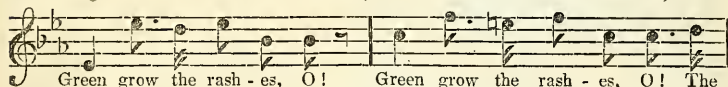
GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

Lively.

There's nought but care on ev'-ry han', In ev'-ry hour that passes, O! What



sig - ni - fies the life o' man, If 'twere na' for the lass - es, O!



Green grow the rash - es, O! Green grow the rash - es, O! The



sweet-est hours that e'er I spent were spent a - mang the lass - es, O!

The warldly race may riches chace,
 An' riches still may flee them, O;
 An' though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' warldly cares and warldly men
 May a' gae tapsalteerie, O.
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O!
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
 He dearly loo'd the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears
 Her noblest works she classes, O:
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 Green grow the rashes, O!
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 I've spent amang the lasses, O!

This song is by Burns. There is a very old song of the same name; but we dare not insert it here. In the "Complaynt of Scotland," there is mention made of another, somewhat similar.

MY LUVE'S IN GERMANY.

Slow and with feeling.

My luve's in Ger - man - y, Send him
hame, send him hame; O, my luve's in Ger-man - y, Send him
hame. My luve's in Ger - man - y, Fight-
ing for roy - al - ty, He may ne'er his Jean-ie see; Send him
hame, send him hame, He may ne'er his Jean - ie see; Send him hame.

He's brave as brave can be,
Send him hame, send him hame;
He's brave as brave can be,
Send him hame.
He's brave as brave can be,
He wad rather fa' than flee;
But his life is dear to me,
Send him hame, send him hame.
But his life is dear to me,
Send him hame.

He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,
Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,
Willie's gane.
He'll ne'er come o'er the sea,
To his love and ain countrie—
O, this world's nae mair for me,
Willie's gane, Willie's gane.
O, this world's nae mair for me,
Willie's slain.

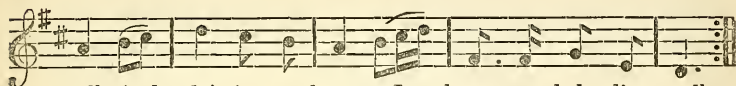
THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

Slow.

Oh! where and O where does your High-land lad-die dwell?



He dwells in mer-ry Scot-land, where the blue-bells sweet-ly



smell, And oh! in my heart I love my lad-die well.

O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?

O what, lassie, what does your Hieland laddie wear?

A scarlet coat and bonnet blue, with bonny yellow hair,

And nane in a' the world can with my love compare.

O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?

O where, and O where is your Hieland laddie gane?

He's gane to fight for George our King, and left me a' alane,

For noble and brave is my loyal Hielandman.

O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come hame?

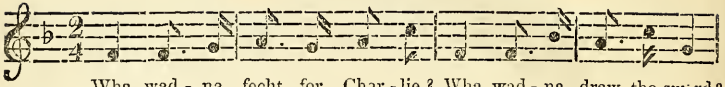
O when, and O when will your Hieland lad come hame?

Whene'er the war is o'er, he'll return to me with fame,

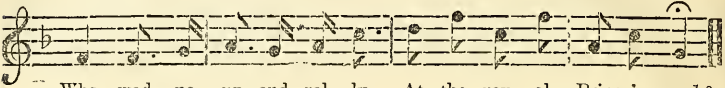
With the heather in his bonnet, my gallant Hielandman.

The author of this song is unknown. There are another version and set of the tune, much older; but the author and composer are both buried in oblivion.

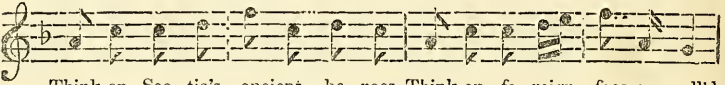
WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE?



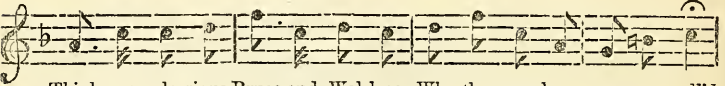
Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?



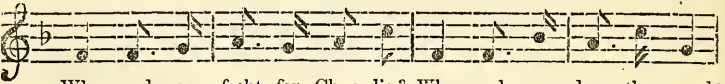
Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prince's word?



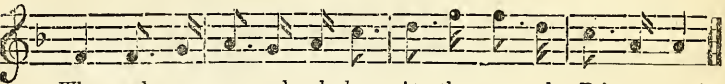
Think on Seo - tia's ancient he - roes, Think on fo - reign foes re - pell'd,



Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u - sur - pers quell'd.



Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?

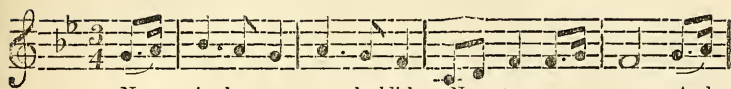


Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al Prince's word?

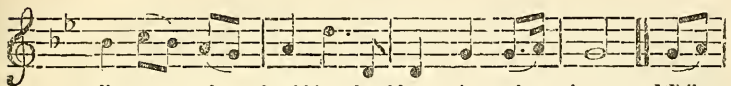
Rouse, rouse, ye kilted warriors!
 Rouse, ye heroes of the north!
 Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,
 'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!
 Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?
 Shall we own a foreign sway?
 Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,
 While a stranger rules the day?
 Wha wadna fecht, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!
 See Glengarry and Lochiel!
 See the brandish'd broadswords glaneing!
 Highland hearts are true as steel.
 Now our Prince has raised his banner,
 Now triumphant is our cause:
 Now the Scottish lion rallies,
 Let us strike for Prince and laws!
 Wha wadna fecht, &c.

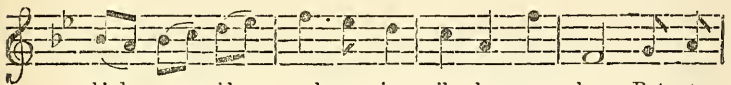
MY NANNIE'S AWA'.



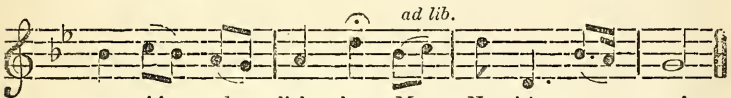
Now in her green mantle blithe Na - ture ar - rays, And



lis - tens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes. While



birds war - ble wel - come in il - ka green shaw, But to



me it's de - light - less, My Nannie's a - wa'.

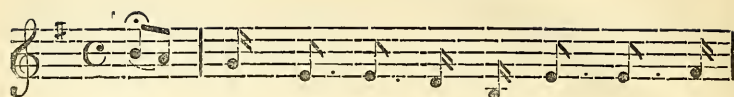
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weat o' the morn;
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw!
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock, that springs frae the dews of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn;
And thou mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa';
Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

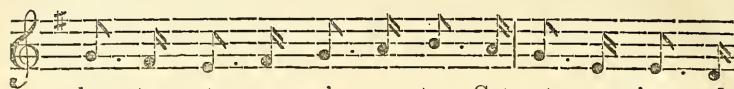
Come, autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay:
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—my Nannie's awa'.

This charming song was written by Burns, and Clarinda is the supposed heroine of it. He wrote it to the beautiful old Jacobite tune called "There'll never be peace till Jamie come hame," whose plaintive strain sweetly harmonises with the bard's expressive words. This lyric has been adapted to various tunes, but not one of them suits it so well as the air Burns himself selected for it.

ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.



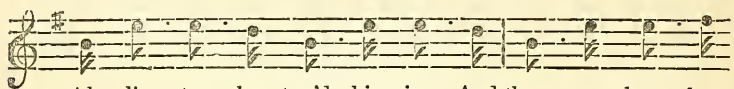
O Al - lis - ter M' - Al - lis - ter, Your



chan - ter sets us a' a - steer, Get out your pipes and



blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the High - land fling. Now



Al - lis - ter has tun'd his pipes, And thrang as bum - bees



frae their bikes, The lads and lass - es loup the dykes, And



gath - er on the green. Oh Al - lis - ter M'



Al - lis - ter, Your chant - er sets us a' a - steer, Then



to your bags and blaw wi' birr, We'll dance the High - land fling.

The miller Rab was fidgeting fain
 To dance the Highland fling his lane,
 He lap and danced wi' might and main,
 The like was never seen.
 O Allister, &c.

As round about the ring he whuds,
 He cracks his thumbs, and shakes his duds,
 The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,
 And blinded a' their een.
 O Allister, &c.

Neist rackle-handed smithy Jock,
 A' blackened o'er wi' coom and smoke.
 Wi' bletherin bleer-e'd Bess did yoke—
 That harum-scarum quean.
 O Allister, &c.

He shook his doublets in the wind,
 His feet like hammers strak the grund,
 The very moudiewarts were stunn'd,
 Nor kenn'd what it could mean.
 O Allister, &c.

Now wanton Willie was nae blate,
 For he got laud o' winsome Kate,
 "Come here," quo' he "I'll show the gate
 To dance the Highland fling."
 O Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,
 And weary stumps are needin' rest,
 Besides wi' drouth they're sair distress'd
 Wi' dancing sae I ween.
 O Allister, &c.

I trow the gauntrees got a lift,
 An' round the bickers flew like drift,
 An' Allister that very nicht
 Could scarcely stand his lane,
 O Allister, &c.

The author of this song is not known—it was first introduced into public notice by the late Mr. John Wilson, in his *Musical Entertainments*; he says, "that the words are a lively picture of a village fete in the Highlands, where heart and heel were alike light and merry." The air is a dance tune taken from Gow and Marshall's *Collection of Reels and Strathspeys*.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

With expression.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the staves, aligned with the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature 'C', which is likely a misprint for the key signature 'G'.

John An-der-son, my jo, John, When we were first ac-
 quaint, Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon-ny brow was
 brent; But now your brow is bald, John, Your
 locks are like the snow, Yet bless-ings on your
 fros - ty pow, John An - der - son, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill the-gither;
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand and hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep the-gither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

The present verses were written by Burns to an old tune of the same name, whose words would not now be tolerated in the drawing-room by our modern beaux and belles; and well it is so, for no good cometh of such pastime as singing songs which have a tendency to corrupt the morals of the fair and young. The air, which all unite in pronouncing beautiful and touching, is generally believed to have been used as a chant in "haly kirk," until a short time prior to, or about the period, of the Reformation, when it was dressed in the coarse though somewhat witty words alluded to, as a sort of ridiculous contrast to its former service in the Roman Catholic religion. The famous John was a town-piper of Kelso.

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GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH WORDS USED IN THIS WORK.

A

A', all
Ac, one
Abeigh, aloof
Aboon, above
Afore, before
Aften, often
Aiblins, perhaps
Aik, oak
Ain, own
Airl-penny, a coin given as earnest in [hiring
Airt, direction.
Ajce, ajar
Akart, awkward
Alowe, in a flame
Amang, among
An, if
Another, another
Auid, old
Asklant, oblique
Ava, at all
Awa', away
Ayont, beyond

B

Bairn, a child
Bairns, children
Baith, both
Bandsters, sheavebinders
Bein, comfortable
Ben-See But and
Bodin', foretelling
Beuk, book
Bicker, drinking vessel
Bigging, building
Bike, wild bees' hive
Birr, spirit
Blata, lashful
Bleat, dim-eyed
Bleat', bedimmed
Blith'rin, talking idly
Blink, a little while, a smiling look, to
 look kindly, one sight
Blinkin', smirking
Bonnie, or *Bonny*, handsome, beautiful
Brae, side of a hill
Brankie, gaudy
Braw, fine, handsome
Bravallie, perfectly, quite well
Bree, water in which meat has been
 boiled
Brecks, breeches
Bucks, sheep pens
Busk, dress
But and ben, outer and inner apartment

C

Ca', to call, to name, to drive
Calam, a boy
Caller, or *Culer*, fresh, sound
Can, come
Cannie, gentle, mild, dexterous
Cantie, or *Canty*, merry, cheerful
Carle, an old man
Carline, a stout old woman
Castock, the stalk of a cabbage
Cauld, cold
Chanter, part of a bagpipe
Chicki, a young man
Clankie, blow
Clatie, or *Claes*, clothes
Clath, cloth
Clavers, nonsense, not speaking sense
Claucht, snatched
Cleed, clothe
Clout, to mend—*Clout*, a blow
Cluds, clouds
Cog, a wooden dish
Coggie, a small sized wooden dish
Coost, did east
Courin, shivering

Couthie, kind, loving
Courin', cowering
Cout, colt
Cozie, snug
Crack, to converse
Crackin', conversing
Crap, crept
Creepie, a low stool
Crummie, cow
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny, a fool
Cuist, cast

D

Daddie, a father
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish
Deave, deaf, to make a noise
Ding, knock, to push
Dinna, do not
Doited, stupid
Dool, sorrow, grief
Douce, gentle, sober, wise, prudent
Douff, pithless
Doucely, quietly
Dour, stubborn
Dowie, worn with grief, sleepy
Dringing, sad, heavy
Drookit, drenched
Drouth, thirst
Drury, treasures, jewels
Duds, clothes
Dunted, beat

E

E'e, the eye
E'en, the eyes
Eerie, frightened, trouble
E'enin', evening
Eild, old age
En', end
Enew, enough
Etle, to try, to attempt
Eydent, diligent

F

Fa', fall, lot, to fall
Fain, happy, fond
Fain, anxious — *Fidging fain*, very
 anxious
Faring, food
Fashious, troublesome
Fasht, troubled
Fauld, a fold, to fold
Fearfu', frightful
Fecht, to fight
Fen, to make shift
Ferties, wonders
Fient, fiend
Fidging, uneasy
Fiee, fly
Fleech, to supplicate, to coax
Fleeking, coaxing
Flegs, freight
Fhankies, servants in livery
Forbye, besides
Forgie, to forgive
Fou, full, tipsy
Fur, furrow

G

Gab, the mouth, to speak boldly or
 pertly
Gabbing, speaking and chatting
Gae, to go
Gaed, went
Gaen, or *Gane*, gone
Gawn, going
Gact, or *Gate*, way, manner, road

Gain, serve
Gang, to go, to walk
Gar, to make, to force
Gart, made
Gawcy, jolly, large
Gawky, foolish, romping
Gear, riches, goods of any kind
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness or
 scorn
Ghost, a ghost
Gie, to give
Gied, gave
Gien, given
Gilpey, half grown, half informed hoy or
 girl, hoyden
Gin, if, against
Girdle, a round iron plate on which oat-
 meal cakes are fired
Glaikit, foolish, mad
Gled, a hawk
Gloamin', twilight
Glow'r, to stare, to look
Gowk, fool
Grat, wept
Gree, pre-eminence
Greetin', crying, weeping
Gude, good
Guid-e'en, good evening
Guid-mornin', good morning
Guidman and *Guidwife*, the master and
 mistress of the house—*Young Guid-*
man and *Young Guidwife*, a newly
 married pair
Guidfather and *Guidmother*, the father-
 in-law and mother-in-law
Gutcher, grandsire

H

Ha', hall
Hae, to have
Hap, to shield, to cover up
Haen, had
Haill, whole
Hairst, harvest
Hame, home
Hand, hold
Hawch, a low flat piece of land
Havins, good manners, decorum, good
 sense
Haveings, savings
Hear't, hear it
Hecht oh, strange
Hech, high
Hinney, honey
Hool, husk
Houlet, owl
Hunner, hundred

I

Ik, each
Ika, every
Ingle, fire-place
I see, I shall or will
Ither, other, one another

J

Jee, change
Jink, to dodge, to turn suddenly round
 a corner
Jupes, armour

K

Kame, comb
Kebbruck, a cheese
Keek, look, a peep, to peep
Keeking-glass, looking-glass
Ken, to know

GLOSSARY.

Kend or Kent, knew
Kilt, a portion of the Highland garb
Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip
Kin, kindred, relations
Kintra, country
Kirn, a churn, the harvest supper
Kirsan, to christen or baptize
Kist, chest
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish
Kitten, a young cat
Knoue, a small round hillock
Kye, cows
Kyte, the belly

L

Laddie, a boy, diminutive of lad
Lairh, low
Laith, unwilling
Lane, lone—*My lane*, myself alone
Lanely, lonely
Lang, long, to think long, to long, to weary
Lap, leap
Lauch, laugh
Lave, the rest, the remainder, the others
Laverock, the lark
Lee lang, live long
Leeze me, a phrase of congratulation, I am happy in thee, or proud of thee
Leglin, milk pail
Leugh, laugh
Leuk, a look, to look
Lift, sky
Lightlie, despise
Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing
Lilting, singiog
Linn, a waterfall, or the pool at the bottom of it
Loaning, a broad lane
Loof, the palm of your hand
Loof, did let
Loop, leap
Lugs, ears
Eyart, old, thin

M

Mae, more
Mailin, farm
Mair, more
Maist, most
Maunkin, a hare
Mawnae, must not
Mark, a Scottish coin
Marrow, equal, like
Mat, may
Mavis, the thrush
Minnie, mother
Mirk, dark
Monnie, many
Mouliwart, a mole
Muckle, or *Mickle*, great, big, much
Mun, must
Match, cap worn by females
Myself, myself

N

Nae, no, not any
Naething or *Naithing*, nothing
Nag, a nag or horse
Nagies, horses
Neuk, corner
Niest, next
Nicht, night
Nippit, pinched

O

O', of
O'ercome, burden, as of a song

Onie, any
O't, of it
O'rsels, ourselves
O'sen, oxen

P

Pails, knocks
Panky, cunning, sly
Philabeg, the kilt
Pibroch, pipe, tune
Plack, an old Scottish coin
Plough, plough
Pow, head
Free, to taste
Free'd, tasted
Pu'd, pulled
Fuirtith, poverty

Q

Quech, drinking cup
Quo, said

R

Rackie-handed, strong-handed
Rang, reigned
Raz, fetch, reach
Reek, smoke
Routh, plenty
Runkled, wrinkled

S

Sae, so
Saft, soft
Sairly, sorely
Sark, shirt
Sauf, save
Shank, to depart or set off, a thin, scranky leg, a handle
Shawbled, ill or loosely shaped
Shaw, a wood in a hollow place
Shearing, reaping
Sheene, shoes
Shill, shrill
Sic, such
Siccan, such
Simmer, summer
Sin', since
Skaith, to damage, to injure, injury
Skeigh, proud, nice, high mettled
Skep, to strike, to walk with a smart tripping step
Skirling, shrieking, crying
Strigh, a scream, to scream
Slaw, slow, dull
Sleekit, sleek, sly
Sma, small
Smoooved, smothered
Snaw, snow, to snow
Speir, ask
Speired, inquired
Spuirte, a stick with which porridge is stirred when boiling
Stek, shut
Stots, oxen
Stoups, measures for holding liquids
Stonn, pang
Stoure, dust
Stoun, stolen
Sumph, fool
Swankies, active young fellows
Syne, then

T

Tak', to take
Takin', taking
Tapsalterie, upside down
Tane, *tother*, the one, the other
Tent, caution, to take heed
Together, together
Thensels, themselves
Throned, throne
Till', to it
Tine, to lose
Tint, lost
Tither, the other
Tittle, sister
Tittle, to whisper
Tocher, marriage portion
Toddlin, tottering
Toom, empty
Trig, spruce, neat
Trow, believe, know
Tryst, cattle market, a meeting by appointment
Twa, two
Twa-three, a few
Tyne, lose

U

Unco, strange
Uncooth, very, very great, prodigious

W

Wa, wall
Wad, would
Wadaa, would not
Wae, sorrowful
Waes, woes
Waeft, wailing, woeful
Wair, to lay out, to expend
Walsh, plenty
Wark, work
Warlock, wizard
Wat-ye, know ye
Weaur, worse, to worst
Weary or *weoric*, *mony* a weary body, many a different person
Wee, little
Weel, well
Weelfare, welfare
Weel waled, well chosen
Ween, a vow, I wean, I wot
Wede, weeded
Weet, rain, wetness, dew
Weir, war
We'se, we shall
Wha, who
Wha wadna, who would not
Where, where
Whisht, silence
Wi', with
Whuds, runs nimbly
Willows, haskets
Winna, will not
Winsome, hearty, gay
Wizend, wrinkled, withered, dried up
Woo', wool
Woo, to court, to make love
Wraith, an apparition exactly like a living person, the appearance of which is said to forebode the person's death.
Wrang, wrong, to wrong
Wud, mad, distracted

Y

Yammer, to grumble
Yin, one
Yett, gate
Ye'se-ye shall
Yoursel', yourself
Yule, christmas

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